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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

EARL RUSSELL has succeeded Lord Palmerston as First Minister of the Crown. This was probably the only appointment practically open to her Majesty. The position of the Foreign Secretary in the Government was such that his secession from the Cabinet would probably have broken up the Ministry, or would have been fatal to it in the course of the next Session of Parliament. If he insisted, or if it was known that he could insist upon his own elevation to the Premiership, neither the Queen nor his colleagues could well avoid gratifying his ambition.

The alarm which was excited in some quarters by the proposal of the French Government to assemble a congress, in order to consider the best means of preventing periodical eruptions of cholera from Asia and Africa into Europe, ought to be dispelled by the moderate and reasonable tone of the despatch which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has addressed to the representatives of France at the several Courts. No one can doubt that the subject is one of grave importance, or that it is the interest of every European State to assist in any practical measures for improving the sanitary condition of the countries in which this pestilence generally originates. There is every reason to believe that in a large number of instances its inroads can be traced to the disease generated by the immense concourse and the filthy habits of the Mussulman pilgrims who resort to Mecca. Without at all wishing to interfere with rites enjoined by their religion, it is only natural that Christian governments should desire to see such rites conducted in a manner consistent with the health and safety of their own people. There would be obvious objections to any course which might involve interference in the internal affairs of the Turkish empire, but the French Minister is careful to guard against the supposition that anything of this kind is intended. According to the plan which he sketches out for its deliberations, the congress will investigate the primary causes of cholera, determine its principal points of departure, study its characteristics and its moral, and lastly propose practical means for confining the disease and stifling it at its source. But it is to be perfectly understood that it will not interfere in any act of internal administration, or take the initiative in any proposition calculated to obstruct the free exercise of territorial sovereignty. It will, in fact, be a purely consultative body, and its usefulness will, therefore, very much depend on the willingness of the Turkish Government to attend to its suggestions. On that point M. de Lhuys opportunely reminds us that it is owing to the persevering efforts of the Porte, and to the successive improvements that it has introduced into the administration of the public health, that the problem of the suppression of the plague

has been happily solved. We may, therefore, venture to anticipate with some confidence that the Sultan and his Ministers will be found ready to take good advice when it is offered to them.

It may be recollected that some short time ago M. Boggio, the Italian Deputy, had an interview with the Pope. As is usual in such cases, it was sought in many quarters to confer political importance upon a mere gossiping conversation. But that gossip was, in truth, all that passed, is clear from a letter which M. Boggio has just published in the Florentine journals. The Deputy had no power to negotiate anything, and, to do him justice, he does not seem to have tried his hand at amateur diplomacy. The Pope was not called upon to traverse, with one who visited him without credentials, any part of the ground which he had just gone over with M. Vegezzi. Both parties, as might have been expected, confined themselves almost altogether to the utterance of those safe generalities which afford common ground, even to an Italian Liberal and to the Sovereign Pontiff. On one point, however, M. Boggio represents himself as having pressed the Holy Father rather hard. He thought it his duty—one hardly knows why—to be explicit on the subject, and he accordingly declared to the Holy Father and Cardinal Antonelli that one of the greatest obstacles between Italy and the Papacy was the generally-accredited statement that the Pontifical Government favoured brigandage. We are not surprised to hear that Pius IX. was afflicted and indignant at the imputation. Few suppose that he is personally responsible for the countenance which the ruffians who profess to be followers of the King of Naples have certainly received in the Roman States. It is more important to know that, in the opinion of M. Boggio, not only the Pope, but those who govern in his name, are now sincerely desirous for the suppression of brigandage, and are working hard to accomplish its destruction. It is, indeed, asserted that the dismissal of Monseigneur de Mérode is a practical proof of this. According to some, that Minister's downfall is due to his having been discovered secretly contravening the Pope's instructions that no favour should be shown to the brigands. We are quite aware that another, and even less reputable reason, is also assigned for De Mérode's downfall; but we hesitate to accept the coarser imputations which are cast upon his character, and incline rather to believe that his spirit of fierce and unreflecting hostility to the Italian kingdom has been found irreconcilable with that more conciliatory tone which the Pope individually, and perhaps, also, Cardinal Antonelli, have lately shown themselves disposed to hold towards Victor Emmanuel and his subjects. No doubt M. Boggio was perfectly right in insisting upon the importance of prompt and decisive measures of the kind he indicated; and, considering that it must now be clear

to the Court of Rome that they cannot serve the cause of exiled Neapolitan Royalty, by conniving at the atrocities which are perpetrated in its name, it is not improbable that they have resolved to abandon a course which irritated the Italians, and disgusted everybody else, without leading to any useful result—even as that expression is understood in Ultramontane and Legitimist circles.

Count von Bismarck has just favoured the Senate of the "free" city of Frankfort with a characteristic despatch. On the 1st instant that ancient town was the scene of a gathering of delegates from the different German diets, who discussed the recent proceedings of Austria and Prussia in no complimentary strain, and concluded by passing a series of resolutions reflecting severely upon the conduct of the two Powers in Slesvig-Holstein. Neither their speeches, nor their resolutions were likely to have the smallest effect in or out of Germany, and it might have been thought that Count von Bismarck could well have afforded to pass them by. That, however, was not his opinion. He will not tolerate the free expression of opinion in any part of the Fatherland, if he can help it; and as he cannot get at the deputies, he strikes at the city which afforded them its hospitality. Need we say that he strikes rudely and coarsely, as well as strongly? He does not affect to pay the slightest respect to the fact that Frankfort is an independent State and an independent member of the Bund. He does not conceal the imperiousness of his mandate under any forms of politeness. On the contrary, he expresses his conviction that the Senate of Frankfort is willing that their city should become the source of all senseless schemes; and he informs them that neither Prussia, nor Austria can any longer tolerate such indulgence to revolutionary tendencies. "We cannot permit," he goes on to say, in language which it would be a pity to paraphrase, "that the seat of the Federal Diet should be made the principal scene of efforts for undermining the authority of the two German Powers;" and he concludes by informing the Senate that, if they do not alter their conduct, the said Powers will be obliged to occupy their city, and take its government into their own hands. It is difficult to conceive a more insolent despatch, or one more calculated to excite the resentment and the active resistance of a people of any spirit. The Senate of Frankfort have done all that is in their power: they have protested against the title of Prussia or Austria to suppress the right of meeting within their boundaries; and they have solemnly appealed to the Diet. But, of course, nothing will come of their appeal. With the unaccountable fatuity which has so long marked her conduct, Austria has suffered herself to become the accomplice of Prussia in this last outrage upon the little that is left of German liberty. The sovereigns of the minor States have neither the courage, nor the desire to make a stand against the two Great Powers on behalf of anything that looks like freedom of some kind or other. And the end of the matter will therefore be, that the Senate of Frankfort will have to preserve a nominal independence, by real submission to the behests of von Bismarck and his master. We are not surprised at anything that King William and his Minister may do; but we cannot understand why the Emperor of Austria should go out of his way to show how little he is disposed to tolerate liberty, at the very moment when it is of the highest importance that he should conciliate the liberty-loving people of Hungary.

The work of "reconstructing" the Southern States is going on as favourably as President Johnson could desire. State after state has repealed its secession ordinance, and voted itself into the Union. So far as outward manifestations of feeling go, nothing could be more perfect than the loyalty of those who were so lately rebels. It is clear, however, that this loyalty is but skin deep, and that the South is, at heart, bitterly hostile to the North. The governors, the officers, and the members of Congress elected by the States of the late Confederacy are, in almost every instance, men who either fought, or worked in the struggle for independence. The Union may be accepted just as the abolition of slavery is accepted. But one is, we believe, about as palatable as the other. At all events, "Union men" are in as little favour as negroes. Of course, no reasonable man could expect anything else, and we should hardly think of dwelling upon the matter if the partisans of the North in England did not insist upon trying to make us believe that the South is not only conquered but conciliated. We do not say that this may not be eventually the case.

Now that slavery is abolished, there is no reason why the South should not act cordially with the Western States at any rate. But time is required to heal the wounds inflicted by such a contest as that which has just closed; and we have no doubt that the President is perfectly aware that he owes such allegiance as he receives from the late Confederate States entirely to fear and not at all to love. No doubt he wisely ignores this fact, and assumes that all the assurances which he receives are sincere. But he is far too clear-sighted to be deluded by appearances, although it may be convenient and even politic to accept them for realities. If he exhibited any distrust of the South he would find it impossible to contend against the imposition of negro suffrage on the conquered States, which he knows would inevitably lead to a war of races. He would be equally unable to continue that policy of mercy and generosity to the "rebels" by which he has been so honourably distinguished, and by which he has so signally disappointed those who hailed with delight his accession to power. The last mail brings us news of a still further considerable exercise of the pardoning power in favour of leading Confederates. Now that Mr. Trenholm and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens have been forgiven, there is little more to do than to release Mr. Davis. And although the President seems determined to try his late rival and antagonist, there seems no reason to fear that the life of Mr. Davis is any longer in danger. Indeed, in replying the other day to a deputation from South Carolina, Mr. Johnson intimated pretty distinctly, that when the law has been vindicated by a conviction for treason, the clemency of the Executive will no longer be withheld. It cannot, however, be concealed that against the conciliatory disposition he has shown, there is a set-off in the success of the Republicans who oppose his policy, in carrying the State elections, not only in Ohio, where they were sure of success, but in Pennsylvania and Iowa.

LORD PALMERSTON'S SUCCESSOR.

THE old owner is dead, but there has not been much wrangling for the vacant possession. The heirs have decently acquiesced in the superior claims of one among the number, and only the partisans who hoped to profit by each have indulged in reproachful bitterness. Of such vicarious recriminations there has indeed been no lack. The "leading organ," uncertain for a day which course events might take, recommended at first all the rivals impartially. Next day it backed Mr. Gladstone; the third day, angry at having made a bad book, it swore at Lord Russell. That nobleman's career offers indeed an unfortunately tempting field for objurgation. There is no doubt that he has broken up more Cabinets of his own way of thinking than any of his opponents have done. He has been on many occasions alternately feeble and rash; he has a gift of making enemies, and considerable powers of inspiring want of confidence. As a Foreign Minister he has let his tongue say what his hand shrank from supporting. And yet the public has in a way approved of his now resuming the post of Premier. There are, of course, certain personal reasons which have operated in his favour. A man who had once been Premier, and who consented to serve the public as a subordinate in the Ministry formed by his rival, could not without marked insult be passed over when that rival was removed. But this reason would scarcely have operated but for the circumstance that there is absolutely nothing to set on the other side. Except Lord Russell, there is no man now living who could at the present moment have had reasonable hope of constructing a Cabinet. Of course, when we thus speak we do not mean that Lord Russell will be the real motive power in the new arrangement. But the necessity for him has, in fact, arisen from the circumstances that no other man in such place could be the motive power. The situation is altogether peculiar. Everybody recognises, and has for the past two years recognised, that Mr. Gladstone must be the virtual leader of the Liberal party as soon as the provisional Government of Lord Palmerston should cease. But it is not at all probable that the aristocratic section of the Whigs would have consented to serve under Mr. Gladstone while one of their own body had sustainable claims. And, without their support he could not have formed a Government that could have faced the House of Commons for a week. He must have resorted to the new men on the Radical benches—men, indeed, far abler than their predecessors, but not backed by their weight of subservient votes. The old Whigs would have

allied themselves with the Tories to upset an arrangement so distasteful, and Lord Derby would have been sent for. On the other hand, however, Mr. Gladstone could not have been asked to serve under any one inferior in position to Earl Russell. It would have been a slight to him—one which he might, indeed, have condoned, but which we were not entitled to offer—to have made Lord Granville his chief. A man who has done no more than lead the House of Lords, has not in these days any claim paramount to the man who has been the author of the measures which have kept up the credit of the Ministry with the country. And when to past services is added the influence of surpassing eloquence, and the expectation based upon broad and lofty principles, it would have seemed an anachronism and absurdity to have placed Lord Granville above the distinguished leader of the House of Commons. For these overpowering reasons, then, it became apparent to all that Earl Russell must perforce be Premier, and that, as a solution of the problem necessarily temporary, the arrangement presented incontestable advantages.

But now that he is restored to the coveted post of honour, the most interesting question is, how he will fill it? There are two ways in which he may act. One is to attempt to rule, the other is to consent to be ruled. The former would speedily be fatal. It would be a contest between connections and ability, between birth and public opinion, between the year 1832 and the year 1865, in which only one issue is possible. The result of such a contest could only be the break-up of the party. We must hope, therefore, that no such contest will be attempted. We must hope that Earl Russell will remember that, if it is his Ministry, it is Mr. Gladstone's Government. And indeed there is some ground for the hope, at least in so far as domestic affairs are concerned. It must be remembered, to Earl Russell's credit, that the question of Parliamentary Reform is that to which he has been most devoted and most steadfast. Satisfied with his first work, and naturally overrating its worth, he certainly for a period viewed the Reform Act of 1832 as a final settlement. But he has long since receded from that position, and he is undoubtedly of all the Whig statesmen the one who has most strenuously, if sometimes insincerely, pressed Reform upon the notice of Parliament. It is not to be expected that he will be an obstacle in Mr. Gladstone's way in this principal department. At least, if he proves so, it must be our consolation to reflect that there is no other Whig statesman whom we could have associated with Mr. Gladstone, from whom greater accordance could have been expected. And, on the other hand, if there be a hearty agreement between the two, the influence of Earl Russell's party ties and hereditary connections will bring more practical aid to a measure of Reform than any other politician on his side could have offered.

On the whole, then, we are disposed to think the combination not merely the best available to us under the circumstances, but capable of developing some material advantages. And we have only further to observe, that if the policy we have indicated should result from it, there are indications that it will obtain the overwhelming support of the country. The readiness with which the public have accepted an Earl Russell and Gladstone Ministry is conclusive evidence of the readiness with which it would accept a new Reform Bill. These are the two men who pre-eminently stand committed to such a measure. The one has introduced it on every practical occasion, the other startled his own party by the enunciation of the broad principles on which it should be constructed. So recently, indeed, as the last election, Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to declare his disbelief, founded on his personal observation, of the theory that there would be danger of "swamping" the rest of the country by the admission of the working classes to the franchise. It is no doubtful indication of the tendency of public opinion, when we see men distinguished above their fellows by such decided doctrines called almost unanimously to take the guidance of our Government. Nor, under them, can there be much doubt how the mere party rank and file will march. The late Premier was the almost sole example in his party of a candidate who contrived, at the late election, to avoid all reference to a new Reform Bill. All the rest were found to declare their willingness to assent to a "well-devised measure." The declaration was, doubtless, often insincere. And were there to be still in power a Government which would be content to jog on without introducing any measure at all, a vote against every independent measure would be deemed quite consistent with the profession made on the hustings. But the position of things will be very different if a Government measure is introduced, rejection of which will expel the party from power. The pledge will then be found to

have a real meaning. And on such meaning Mr. Gladstone and Earl Russell may be expected to rely. They are not likely, and the country has not elevated them to power in any belief that they are likely, to be satisfied with simply sitting in the late Premier's chair of idleness. They have not, like him, a past career of eminence on which to rest content; and they have, unlike him, some principles which, irrespective of popular applause, they have proved they deem of intrinsic importance. There is quietude in the country at present, but such a period of repose they have both declared they deem best fitted for calm discussion of improvements in our political system. With such known sentiments, with a majority of eighty in the House of Commons, and with the support of the country, there can be little doubt of what the policy of the reconstructed Cabinet will be. And when such are the evidences of public opinion, there can be no reason for a Ministry to lag behind it, on the pretence that we do not break out into rioting, and that we do not think it worth our while to strengthen a powerful majority with the external help of signatures to petitions. The time when such an answer could be made and ended with the dissolution of the last Parliament, and we may hope that the time when it would be thought of has ended with the accession of a Russell-Gladstone Government to power.

CHURCH AND STATE IN IRISH EDUCATION.

THE correctness of the particulars given in the LONDON REVIEW of September 16, as to certain vital changes in the Irish Education system, then in process of negotiation between the Government and three of the Roman Catholic Bishops, has since been admitted by the journals representing the latter; and at the conferring of degrees upon students of the Queen's University in Dublin, a week ago, Lord Wodehouse practically admitted that the negotiation has been almost concluded, and that the new system is on the point of being introduced. As the subject is one certain to give rise to much sharp controversy, some further disclosures of the nature of the projected scheme, and remarks on its principle and effects may be prefaced by reproducing the Lord Lieutenant's words. Addressing the assembled professors and students, Lord Wodehouse said:—"Although the success of this institution (the Queen's Colleges) is undoubted, you are perfectly aware, from statements that were made in Parliament, that the Government have under their consideration a plan for extending and in some degree modifying the Queen's University, so as to afford the benefit of its degrees to those who have not been educated in the Queen's Colleges." Of the plan that might ultimately be proposed, he should state nothing; "but this I will say," continued the Lord Lieutenant, "that whilst I am as strong an advocate of united education as any whom I see around me, and whilst I believe that the benefits of united education are specially felt in this country, where, unfortunately, dissensions arising from religious differences have produced such evils, yet, I think, the genius of our institutions, and the principle of our Government, require that we should not refuse the advantages of academical degrees to those who, from conscientious convictions, decline to accept the system of mixed education. . . . But I trust—and as far as I have influence in the matter, I promise—that every effort shall be made that this institution (the Queen's University) and the Queen's Colleges connected with it, shall not be injured by any change that may be effected." This declaration, though enigmatical, indicated to the audience but too plainly that the knell of the liberally-conceived mixed-education principle had been rung, and that in the department of primary instruction managed by the National Board, as well as in the Colleges, an entire reversal of the policy of the State may be expected. It seemed, too, from Lord Wodehouse's tone, that the contemplated changes have not the sanction of his judgment, or, at all events, that he fears their being carried, against his influence, to a length beyond what is to be immediately conceded. The suddenness with which principles maintained with steadiness for thirty years have been thus abandoned is not more painfully striking than the facility with which the sophistical doctrine is adopted that the "genius of our institutions" is in favour of a narrow and exclusive denominationalism, or than the acrobatic flexibility shown by some Liberal writers in throwing a somersault backwards to suit the supposed retrograde necessities of the hour.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the modification referred to by Lord Wodehouse merely extends to a permission for students of a Roman Catholic College to appear before the Senate of the Queen's University to receive degrees. For such

a concession their bishops would not have thought it worth their while to undertake a journey to London. The arrangement of such a modification would not have required the presence of Mr. Bruce in Dublin. The truth is, for better or worse, the Government have—to speak in military phrase—given way along the whole line. This indeed is admitted by the subtle apologist of a revolution which goes far, in the matter of education, to place “Church” above “State.” “It is becoming only too manifest,” says the *Times*, “that the result of the long conflict between denominational and mixed teaching is to be decided in favour of the former, and that the perseverance of the religious bodies is wearing out the long and obstinate resistance of the State.” Whether such a surrender has become a political necessity will remain a question. Statesmen were under pressure from two distinct parties having no sort of affinity, but working together, without willing it, to much the same end. The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, on the one hand, clamoured for “freedom of education”—the war-cry they employed in France in 1844, in order to set up a monopoly of Divine right in education; and the Protestant clergy, on the other, have recently preferred an open claim to a denominational grant for themselves, get others what they may. The Archbishop of Dublin, in his primary charge just delivered, regards this claim as, under present circumstances, irresistible. Thus assailed from both sides, the Government yield; but, as usual, the Roman Catholic party are the promptest to catch the change of breeze, and in their own opinion they are now sailing straight for the haven of their full desires with a steady and favouring wind. They do not mean at all to cast anchor in the small halfway port of a University Charter. That would be to sacrifice a promising and long-awaited opportunity.

It is known that the first step on the road now laid open to complete Denominationalism in Irish education will be the adding of the Catholic University as a fourth college to the three existing Queen's Colleges. This fourth college will remain an exclusive Roman Catholic institution, with its ecclesiastical Rector, its Professors nominated by and subject to the Church only, and its entire proceedings and course of instruction pervaded by the savour of Catholicity. It will be, in fact, a sort of lay Maynooth—an extraordinary anomaly, in connection with three *mixed* colleges. It is to suffer no change except one of name. After a good deal of bargaining, its conductors have agreed to sacrifice the word “Catholic,” if allowed to retain the word “University”—and so it is to be called, by a compromise, University College, Dublin. Its students will be sent up for their degrees to the Queen's University, along with those from the Queen's Colleges, but the Queen's University is not to be suffered to continue as at present constituted. The extreme Roman Catholic party have not only a hope of getting its name altered to that of “National” University, but they have distinctly stipulated, and are understood to have insured, that its Senate shall be increased to thirty members, and that it shall contain a representation of “University College,” according to the proportion of its pupils as compared with the three Queen's Colleges proper. The mode suggested for the election of the Senate is characteristic. It is claimed that ten of the members appointed by the Crown shall be unchangeably Roman Catholics. These would be to a man such illiberal Roman Catholics as the monastic principle of the Catholic University would breed—if, as is hoped, its influence should predominate with the preponderance of its students over the number of Roman Catholic students in Cork and Galway, and should control the Crown in making the appointments. It is proposed that a second ten of the thirty members of the Senate should be elected by degree-men of all the four colleges every five years; and as under such a plan every effort would be employed to aggrandize the Catholic Dublin College at the expense of the mixed or “Godless” colleges in the provinces, and as the number of its students would, in all likelihood, rapidly increase, the ten popularly-elected members would be of the same Catholic university stamp. As for the third ten, the idea is that the Crown shall appoint that as a Protestant minority. By this project the entire management of the “State Colleges and University Scheme” would be secured by the persons whose object is to destroy all educational institutions open to their co-religionists where the art of teaching the people not to think is not pursued.

There are two other features of the new scheme which will probably not be found in it when it is first revealed to the world in its grotesque details, but which are, nevertheless, known to be in the contemplation of the party who seem to have but to ask to obtain any reactionary advantage. An outcry is raised, in the first place, against the Government appointment of the Professors in the three Queen's Colleges,

the majority of whom are, as it chanced, Protestants in religion. It is desired to establish a necessary majority of Roman Catholics among the Professors also, so as to secure places for the more distinguished alumni of the “Catholic University.” Under this system, no matter what qualifications of scholarship a man might have, should he be of the wrong faith, he cannot get the place; and, on the other hand, when a vacancy occurs, should no Roman Catholic properly qualified appear, a man of doubtful qualifications must be selected in preference to the fittest. It is evident that, with a preponderance of members both in the Senate and among the Professors, the Ultramontane party would have the absolute control of the entire collegiate system of the country. The second feature of the project which may be kept back for a time, from prudential motives, is the endowment for University College. At present, its funds are at a low ebb, Roman Catholics of the upper and middle classes being obstinately averse to its teaching for their sons, and unwilling to contribute to its support. When, however, it is in a position, with a larger body of pupils than any of the other colleges, to apply to the Government for a grant of money, it will be very likely to obtain the £12,000 which its promoters calculate upon, the other Queen's Colleges getting £7,000 each.

These prospective changes are disagreeable to various classes. The taxpayer sees in them the commencement of a policy, the ramifications of which may prove interminable and costly beyond precedent. The liberal Roman Catholic fears a system under which he may find himself compelled to hand over his sons to an educational training which is one of “decay, collapse, death.” The patriot who thought the time might yet come when the Irish people would learn to live at peace with each other, and to cultivate common sympathies, sick at heart, feels disposed to abandon his country in despair. There is a general protest against such reaction; but, for good or ill, it seems inevitable. Ireland will ere long be the scene of another grand educational experiment. Mixed education has partially failed, but he would be a bold man who would contend that the separate system must succeed. It will disappoint all probabilities if its direct effect be not to aggravate polemics and political strife. At what point the Government may be able to cry halt in the path on which they have been induced to enter a spectator cannot say. Probably they have themselves no idea. But even if they have determined, under such pressure as they conceived irresistible, to yield somewhat to a policy which they believe in their hearts to be not conformable but antagonistic to the “genius of our institutions,” they can still maintain the principle of the supremacy of the State, and it will be expected from them that whether in dealing with the heads of the Roman Catholic Church or those of the National Protestant Church, they shall insist on what may be called in a new sense State rights. There must be no money paid in the shape of a grant, for education, superior or inferior, except for work so done that the State can approve of it. Nor can it be suffered that the entire expense of educating the Irish community, the higher classes and the lower, should be borne by the Imperial purse. The grants to all the colleges ought to be merely a rate-in-aid, and the sums voted for primary teaching under a denominational plan should strictly be a “payment by results.” Any other principle in Ireland would lead to the grossest abuses. If we must come to a separate system, this should be its basis, and such a provision, with strict State inspection, by officers indifferently Protestant or Roman Catholic as chance determined, and a veto upon all school-books, would render comparatively innocuous in operation a principle which in itself, as applied to Ireland, is somewhat dangerous, and only to be made endurable by the most careful and express safeguards. As it is, the undefined nature of the coming changes seriously unsettles the public mind.

GREECE.

THE condition and prospects of the kingdom of Greece must always be subjects of considerable concern to Englishmen. To say nothing of the sympathy excited by the influence of classical associations, we cannot forget the share which we took in establishing her independence. We are not insensible to the ties, both commercial and financial, which have since grown up between the two countries; nor can we overlook the responsibility we lately incurred in connection with the establishment of the present Danish dynasty in the person of King George. Although the Greeks sometimes affect to doubt it, the prosperity of few nations would give us more satisfaction. It is true that we do not look with much favour on

"the great idea," and that we have been compelled to check the aggressive tendencies which they have from time to time displayed. We do not think that it is desirable to enlarge the boundaries of the Hellenic kingdom until the Hellenes have proved their capacity for self-government within the territory they already possess; until domestic tranquillity and order are established; until some considerable progress has been made in developing the great natural resources of the country; and until the finances are placed on a tolerably sound footing. How far Greece is from having attained this point—how extremely unsatisfactory is its internal condition in almost every respect—may be seen from two reports of the late and present Secretary of her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Greece.

Mr. Lytton's report is one of a very comprehensive character, entering very fully into a review of the social and political economy of the kingdom, and pointing out, with great clearness and force, the obstacles which bar the way to prosperity. It is impossible not to be greatly struck by the first fact to which he calls our attention. In the days of Pericles, the territory of Attica alone contained certainly 400,000, and probably 500,000 inhabitants, who derived from the soil and from commerce at least a tolerable, and perhaps we might even say a comfortable subsistence. At present the population of the whole of Greece, exclusive of the Ionian Islands, does not much exceed a million, and of these a large portion are sunk in extreme poverty. The most active and energetic portion of the Hellenic race—not less, indeed, than two-thirds of the whole—are settled in foreign countries where they find a better opening than at home for their energy and enterprise; and although the country is large and rich enough to raise food for at least 5,000,000 people, it does not produce corn sufficient for the wants of the million who inhabit it, but is compelled in ordinary seasons to import at least 125,000 quarters from the ports of the Black Sea. Its husbandry is of the rudest and most wretched description; neither mechanism nor science have yet been applied to it; and if we may trust the statement of the Secretary, Hesiod's description of a plough still applies, as accurately as when it was written, to the instrument in use by his countrymen. It would, indeed, be strange if agriculture had made much progress in a country nearly destitute of roads. Although a Constitutional government has now been established in Greece nearly thirty years, and although that Government has found means to maintain an army out of all proportion to its resources or the wants of the country, and has up to the present moment accumulated state liabilities to the amount of almost 11,000,000 sterling, it has "not yet succeeded in providing the inhabitants of Greece with more than seven common roads, many of them extremely short, most of them very unsafe; all of them taken together representing a total mileage of 180 or 200 miles at the most." We can appreciate the full force of the statement that the roads of Greece are unsafe when we are told that even that between Athens and the Piræus is only partially secured from highway robbers by daily and nightly patrols of mounted soldiers, and that, if the winter is unusually rainy, a great part of it is sometimes submerged beneath the waters of the Copeusus. There is not a single railway in Greece, nor—although there has for the last twenty years been abundant talk of constructing one or more—has anything been done, or is even now doing, to supply a want which has been at least partially met in every other country of Europe. Indeed, with the exception of the seven roads we have already mentioned, the only means of communication with the interior of the country are furnished by the tracks of wandering cattle!

But there is something which requires to be done even before the construction of roads. It is idle to expect progress or prosperity in a country where life and property are still in the highest degree insecure, and where whole districts are a prey to brigandage—to brigandage, moreover, which is represented as being actually on the increase. To such an extent is the country at the mercy of these ruffians, that Mr. Lytton's predecessor in office expresses his belief that nearly all the landed proprietors of continental Greece are obliged to pay black mail to the brigands, and cannot live upon their estates. The Greek brigand, is, indeed, no common highwayman—no desperate outcast from society, spurned and hated by his fellow-men. He is, in many cases at least, a sort of gentleman robber; and is, at all events, no more regarded by his countrymen than was William Deloraine and men of his stamp on the border counties of England and Scotland during the middle ages. It is plain that in dealing with this part of his subject Mr. Lytton's official position has rendered it necessary for him to speak with some reserve. But, even under that restraint, he draws a picture of the state of things which is in the highest degree deplorable and discreditable:—

"Many members of the governing classes are descendants of or relatives of robber chieftains whose revolutionary exploits are still recorded with pride in songs. Young men whose families have been menaced or injured by some act of a vindictive or unwarrantably intrusive character on the part of the executive, finding in the conduct of the State itself the bad example of violated right, have not scrupled now and then to repel legalized oppression, and 'make to the mountains.' It is possible that for this reason, and under the yet vivid impression of patriotic traditions, many cultivated Greeks continue to regard brigandage with a toleration which would be otherwise unwarrantable; and there are few of these modern bandits who have not a friend, or relation, or a political faction in high quarters, and are not able to procure protectors near the palace by sending voters to the poll."

When society is thus demoralized, it is clear that nothing but the most energetic measures, based on a thoroughly well organized and comprehensive scheme, can eradicate the evil. All, however, that the Government at present propose to do is to increase the gendarmerie by about 400 men—a step ridiculously disproportioned to the exigency.

The result of the general insecurity of property and life in Greece is, of course, to drive capital out of the country. There is no opening for the youth of the country but employment and maintenance at the public expense through the patronage of some political chief. The consequence is that places are unduly multiplied; that the political stage is crowded by a horde of hungry office-seekers, who subordinate everything to personal considerations; and that political life is converted into an ignoble struggle for private emolument, in which the real interests and the well-being of the country are almost wholly lost sight of. To what monstrous dimensions place-hunting and place-holding have grown may be seen from the fact that "at present the number of civil *employés* actually receiving pay from those who administer the public purse, is about 5,000. If to these we add the probable number of officials who have already had their 'innings,' and are now temporarily 'fielding out,' as well as the number of military *employés*, the total number of what may be called the class of place-hunters or place-holders can hardly, at the lowest, be estimated at less than 15,000, or 20,000." The best remedy for this evil Mr. Lytton thinks would be found in the restoration of the ancient communal institutions of the country. These institutions, "possibly of Roman origin," have existed in Greece from a very remote period. They survived the Ottoman rule; but as their independence embarrassed confederation, he converted the local magistrates into agents of the executive authority dependent on the ministry of the interior, and submitted the election of these functionaries to the control of a commission named by the Government. The Government of King Otho followed in the same direction, and completed the destruction of the independent municipal system which the Turks had respected. The constitution which has just been adopted has so far improved matters that it has restored to the people the right of electing their own magistrates. "The old objectionable system which enables the agents of the central authority to impede the action and impoverish the practical ability of the local magistrates is still in force." We quite concur with the author of the report, "that the social and industrial, as well as political, development of Greece would be more effectually advanced by the practical recognition and judicious extension of the rights of the Greek citizen in his civic and corporative capacity as a member of the municipality than they have hitherto been by any rhetorical assertion in constitutional instruments of those rights, solely considered in their abstract relation to his existence in the state as a human unit."

The only respect in which Greece seems to have made any considerable progress since she obtained her independence is in the matter of education. When the monarchy was established the only educational establishment in the country was the orphan asylum at Egina. There are now, besides the university of Athens, 8 gymnasiums or royal colleges, employing 50 professors, and providing instruction for 1,124 students; 80 Hellenic schools, with 5,342 pupils; commercial schools, with 42,353 pupils; private commercial schools, with 2,880 pupils; and, lastly, 300 "irregular elementary schools," with 10,000 pupils. The total number of young persons under instruction is, therefore, 64,445—a state of things which is, upon the whole, by no means unsatisfactory.

Let us now look at the financial position of Greece, for which we must turn to the report of Mr. Farquhar. It appears from that document that the revenue of the country has increased pretty steadily from £398,094 in 1847 to £858,814 in 1860. In spite, however, of this increase, nothing whatever beyond a sum of 900,000*l.* in 1861 has been applied to the payment of the long-outstanding debts of the country. The expenditure has increased in proportion to the revenue, and has exceeded it in several years, without—as we have

already seen—any corresponding advantage to the country from the construction of roads or public works or the development of any other elements of progress. At present the total debt is very nearly 11,000,000 of money, consisting to a great extent of unpaid arrears of interest. The budget for the current year shows a small surplus, but it is only arrived at by again ignoring the just claims of the creditors of the country. No improvements have been made, nor, so far as we can make out, are any seriously contemplated, either in the system of taxation or in that of fiscal administration. Until this is done it is idle to suppose that foreign capital will be attracted to the country, or that its credit can be restored in the money market of Europe. What we desire, and what all true friends of Greece desire, is that her statesmen should attend to this, and to such matters as the suppression of brigandage and the making of laws, and let the much-vexed Eastern question rest for a time.

PUBLIC OBSEQUIES.

Two very notable instances have within the last few months impressed upon us the fact that there seems to be a growing dislike on the part of great men to public funerals. A country gentleman could scarcely have had a plainer burial than Richard Cobden, and had the alleged desire of Lord Palmerston not been overruled by the unanimous opinion of the country, the remains of the Minister of four Sovereigns, the hero of countless political battles, and the statesman of world-wide fame, would have been committed to an unostentatious grave in a remote country churchyard. Such a ceremony might perhaps have been perfectly in harmony with the individual character of the man, and as it would perhaps have been a compliance with his own desire, it could have been no evidence of a want of national appreciation of his distinguished services to the State and national respect for his illustrious memory. While we cannot but admire the spirit which prompts such a desire for private interment in some quiet churchyard as has been thus recently expressed by great men on more than one occasion, it is perhaps worth considering whether the private burial of great and illustrious men, as contrasted with the pageants which on such occasions used almost invariably to take place in Westminster, is altogether an advantage; whether the personal gratification which it may be to near relatives to have their dead laid to rest where they themselves shall perhaps soon rest by their side, is not counterbalanced in some degree by a public loss which may affect the future even more than the present generation?

As a simple matter of fact it is undeniable that Cæsar's "clay" may be used to stop a bung hole. But however easy to give assent to the absolute truth of the cynical assertion that the ashes of a statesman are just the same as those of a peasant, it is difficult, if not impossible, to so saturate the mind with the practical truth of the statement that we can stand equally unmoved beside the grave of a ploughboy in a country churchyard and the tomb of Chatham in Westminster Abbey. It was, if closely examined into, a very stupid thing for the crowd that gathered round the grave of Macaulay to peer anxiously at the portion of a coffin which the excavation of this grave had exposed to view, because it most probably contained the dust of what was once the body of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but we should like to see the man who on such an occasion would not eagerly stretch forward to catch a glimpse. It must not be supposed that this desire to stand beside the grave of departed greatness is merely a matter of vulgar curiosity, for the more refined and cultivated nature has the keenest appreciation of such scenes. He would be a strange specimen of an Englishman who could walk through Westminster Abbey without any higher emotions being awakened in him than such as he experienced when passing through any ordinary churchyard. What influence has been exerted on individual minds by a visit to the Abbey where all that was greatest in poetry, and art, and war, and eloquence, and statecraft has found a resting-place that seems not unworthy of such commingled greatness. How much earnestness may a visit to such a scene have inspired! How many lofty aspirations may have been engendered there! How many hearts may have throbbed for the first time there with a longing for something that neither wealth nor rank could confer! How much determined purpose—how much firm resolve—how much fine enthusiasm—how much of what is earnest and real and true has had its birth there! Few there are on whom this first thoughtful visit to Westminster Abbey has not had great, fewer still on whom it has not had some, influence. We know that the scene did awaken lofty thoughts in the soul of Pitt when he walked as chief mourner behind the corpse of Chatham. It becomes, then, a question—perhaps because

our certain knowledge on the subject must necessarily be limited—a question of deeper importance than at first sight it seems, whether an abrupt termination to the practice which has made the Abbey a scene so potential would not be attended with some evil! When future generations visit the splendid mausoleum of England's greatness, and behold the numerous remains of the illustrious ones of a past age, and see the genius of this age in some departments of public life so inadequately represented, the historical glory of the past will shine with a disproportioned lustre when contrasted with our own; and the beholder will unconsciously worship as the sole penates of his nation, and therefore the sublimest model for his own career, the heroes of an age when the repute of personal character was held in less esteem than the fame of splendid eloquence, and the arm of English power was paralyzed by the personal rivalry of her statesmen. The age which in literature was adorned by the genius of a Thackeray, in politics could boast of Richard Cobden and Henry Temple, and a host of others still living not more selfish and not less brilliant, will, if the expressed desire for private funerals on the part of great men gains the strength of a public opinion, be almost unrepresented in the hall of English demi-gods. Would not this have an influence of some kind or other on individual minds, both in regard to the development of their own character and the estimate which they will form of the comparative mental stature of our statesmen? Therefore, a place where we seem to come close to the mighty dead—where for a moment the noise of the busy world is shut out, and our thoughts are concentrated on all that was great and noble and good in England's history—must exert some influence on a mind which possesses any of the principles of truth and greatness; for character is formed and moulded far more by imperceptible influences than by direct manipulation. In an age which is every day becoming more and more intensely material and objective, would it be a good thing to abandon any custom which, in the smallest degree, tends to cultivate the spiritual and romantic elements of our nature?

The dying wish of a man, and especially of a great man, is, however, properly considered, a matter too sacred to be lightly disregarded, and there was felt on the part of many a disinclination to express a request that the avowed choice of Lord Palmerston regarding his own burial should be interfered with. For the reasons which we have already stated we think that the private interment at Romsey would have been a national loss. We are sure that Lady Palmerston felt, when she acceded to what was represented to her as a national desire, that in sacrificing her own, and even her husband's private wish, to what might be more pleasing to his country, she was giving to his funeral that characteristic quality of sacrifice of all private feeling to public good, which had been one of the noblest traits in his noble life. We should remember that public funerals and public graves for our departed great men rest upon deeper and broader principles than a desire to present a pageant to a London crowd; they are the creation of an influence upon individual character, which extends itself through years to come. It is a pity that the remains of so many great men lie scattered in country churchyards, while wretched mediocrity and pampered wealth have been intruded within the walls of Westminster. To remedy the past in this respect is impossible; but a conscientious consideration of the subject may make us more careful for the future. Undoubtedly, the place of burial does not affect the fame and memory of the departed. Burke is not the less remembered because he lies in the lonely retirement of Beaconsfield, nor will Cobden's services be forgotten because his ashes repose in a country churchyard. In such cases, however, there cannot be, except in rare instances, that individual contact between the living and the dead, which we believe has often been so powerful for good.

CHURCH v. VICE.

THE clergy and certain laymen of Westmoreland and Cumberland have, it appears, given a very strong expression of opinion as to the low moral condition of those counties. Some exception has been taken to the statements made, and it is argued, if they were wholly true, that the clergy were more or less to blame in the matter. It was not, however, denied that there is a very large and increasing amount of immorality in those counties; that brides are very commonly in the family way, and that a very large number of illegitimate children are yearly registered. But then, say the defenders of the Lake districts, the people of the Lake country are a fine race—a good sort of fellows; although there are a great many

bastards, they rear them—don't slay them. The clergy lamented over empty churches, open Sabbath desecration, drunkenness, and general ill-doing: it is retorted, who are to blame if all this is the truth? Who, but the clergy, are in any way responsible for the low religious tone, and the very low moral tone? Of one thing the defence makes great boast: there is—so it says—very little harlotism.

We have no wish to question the fact that Cumberland and Westmoreland men and women have many good points of character—that the towns of these counties are not so openly markets for sin as the towns of many other counties. But we have a strong suspicion that the indictment against these counties is, on the whole, sound; that there is great laxity in conduct before marriage; that a great many children are born to single women; and that in both cases little if any shame is felt that it is so. We are prepared to admit that infanticide may not be common; but we are inclined to argue that the demand for young hands is so great in the North, that interest, not love or religion, saves the lives so recklessly slain elsewhere. We have, however, a very strong suspicion that what is now published on the authority of the clergy of these counties is, after all, what might be so published of every county in England as in some degree true.

It is folly to deny that immorality is on the increase; whether killed or saved, infants born of shame are everywhere very common; marriage is commonly made a matter of convenience and nothing more; churches are often empty of worshippers whilst the lanes and streets are full of drunkards, blasphemers, and profligate men and women. This is coarse, overt sin. Mankind of low caste, setting religion at defiance in the pursuit of vulgar, gross enjoyment. Let us, however, be fair in our judgment when we become forcible in our denunciation. Were the clergy and pious influential laity to hold such an inquest on the defunct morality of London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Plymouth—of any large town—not confining their enquiry to sin coarse or sin refined, but to sin *per se*, as opposition to the law of God, we are inclined to think that their verdict would be one quite as deplorable as that of the Cumberland and Westmoreland clergy. That the clergy of the land know this to be the fact, that they deplore it, and find themselves very helpless to bring about a better state of things, we can hardly doubt; that they are to blame for it we altogether dispute.

It is too much the fashion of the day to fasten on the Church the shame attaching to national sin, as if sin not amenable to criminal law, not subject to criminal police, must be attributed to want of energy on the part of the clergy. We are far too much disposed to argue that vice can be stamped out at school, poleaxed there, knocked on the head by the work of school-teachers, supervised by parochial pastors. Again, we act and speak as if we were under the delusion that public worship really reflected private piety, that the sermons given from the pulpit were accepted by the congregation as lessons of piety, gratefully listened to, and to be diligently applied. It would be well for us all if we would bear in mind that the Church is nothing more than a place of worship for Christians who are disposed to enter it for the purposes of public devotion; that the clergy are appointed to carry out its services, and to teach its doctrines, as they are formally declared by certain ecclesiastical decrees embodied in articles, canons, and the Liturgy of the Prayer-book; that they have certain formal duties to perform within the church walls, and also, as far as they are invited or permitted to do so, to carry out ministration to the sick, &c., outside the walls, in all parts of their parishes. They can go out into the streets and highways to invite worshippers; they have no power to compel any to come to the church. They may call at the door of a household, and offer to enter, and advise the healthy, pray with the sick; if they are refused admittance, they may shake the dust off their feet, and try elsewhere; they have no authority to enter where there is no welcome, much less have they any right to intrude where they are distinctly objected to. Because the nation supports the Church, it is argued that it has a right to assume, where vice is, there the Church fails in her duty to it.

Laity and clergy connected with the Church of England are far too blind to the fact, that it is utterly impossible the Church, or any form of Church, can ever be to the great mass of people what it once was. When all is changing about us, it is folly to expect any one institution can continue to exist unchanged. The parochial system owed a great deal of its ancient power to two facts: the want of education in a large portion of the inhabitants gave the parson a great deal of direct influence, it procured for him a respect which was for ever more given to his supposed learning than to his personal

character. The congregation did not profess to understand half they heard from the pulpit, but then they believed it to be—learning; and they had a sort of pride in the fact that, at stated times, the learned man spoke according to his books. They were poor travellers in those days; their wants were few, and all supplied by markets very close to them. They vegetated within a very limited area; where they were born, there they were reared, lived, and died. The squires went to town, perhaps, once a year; but it was more as a something due to their position than as a real pleasure. They went to church as a matter of course; it was very often quite as much from a sort of political feeling as from any deep religious sense of duty. To countenance the Church was to discountenance Dissent; Dissent was a species of radicalism, a rebellion against constituted authority, the authority which they considered was essential to support their own position. The office of a clergyman was a thing to be upheld, the man in the office was quite a secondary matter. He might or might not be efficient: one agreeable as a neighbour or the reverse; still, in the Church and in Church work he was to be supported with all the weight their patronage could give, and this had great local influence. For his learning's sake the ignorant looked up to the parson; the better educated supported him as the representative of the Church, and thus an officer of the State. Where few could read English, the man who could read off a whole service without hesitation, preach for half an hour from manuscript of his own composing, who was held to know Latin and perhaps Greek, was just the man of mystery to be regarded with a certain awe by the mass, to whom books were things of so complicated and mysterious a nature that they could as soon, in those days, have expected to have become capable of their use, as a peasant of our day, to calculate the return of a comet. All this has changed; the topography of London is as familiar to the squires as that of their assize-town. They have long since learned that the clergy may be assailed, and yet landed property remain at a premium; that the laity may question the opinions of their parsons, and the Church still continue in co. with the State. The poor have discovered that reading may be made easy; and with Bibles at sixpence, tracts for nothing, blacksmiths and labourers of piety can pray and preach glibly; and this, after a fashion, they can follow quite as well as they ever could the regular Church parson. Dissent is an institution. It has its foot in every parish; contests with the Church against the common enemy for every soul that will seek its aid. It reads, sings, preaches, builds, denounces, and admonishes, with recognised bold front, beneath the very shadow of the Church, and claims equal right with the "regulars" to fight the devil.

Why blame the clergy for the sins of the people, when it is clear, you cannot say that on them lies the burden of supporting the people's virtue? The Church and churches exist, as so much ecclesiastical moral mill-power, to which all may bring their mental produce. It has many different processes by which it offers to work on the material offered to it. Its machinery was never less exclusively adapted to one species of mental endowment. It has services and teaching, doctrine and discipline, capable of great elasticity. It does its best—it is only human. It cannot compel the blasphemer to bridle his tongue, the licentious to exercise restraint; it has no power to fence in female purity, and to enforce chastity or protect it. It rings its bells, opens its doors, serves out its ordinances; but it has no power to fill its seats, or to soften the hearts of those who sit. The clergy, in nine cases out of ten within the Church, can tell only what their hearers already know. They have no new moral law, no new spiritual promise to offer. You can buy the Book for sixpence; few there are who cannot read it. That the many do understand a great deal of it is quite clear, for they draw their curses from it, and when they would beg, found their appeals upon it.

We have no quarrel with the clergy at Keswick for their bold confronting the vice and immorality of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It would be with no feeling of regret that we heard of a meeting at St. James's Hall of the London clergy, to bewail and expose London vice, profligacy, the spirit of gambling; the open harlotism that disgraces it in every quarter. The sooner the Church gives public utterance to the fact that the stream of national vice is too powerful for it the better. As a human institution we believe it capable of proof, that it has done its best. The fault lies not with want of Church power, or Dissent power, but simply in the fact, that the course of events have made men and women independent of either. The children know too much to go to school as school-children. They are content, nay anxious, to have religious machinery; they are not content to let it rule their common-day life. They blame the teachers, but know very

well they will only learn just those lessons for practice which suit their own purpose. Many a layman will build a church and subscribe to a dozen, fraternize with bishops and preside at meetings to reclaim the heathen, who would never set foot in church again if a rector or bishop was shown into his room, and told him the same plain truths as to himself and his family that he expects his parson to tell to drunken poachers, frail daughters of poor peasants, or the speculating gamblers who make his horses shy as they pitch and toss at his lodge gates.

It is very wrong that Cumberland spinsters should be mothers, Westmoreland lasses given to impure language—that the moral tone and Sabbath habits of the rustics of those counties should be so low that they are at play when they should be at prayers, are fighting dogs when they should be listening to sermons. We think it quite capable of proof that, after all, they are no worse than very many of their betters. It is not the loud nature of a sin which makes it sinful—it does, perhaps, make it vulgar. We have no doubt that if to what is seen in London and other large towns was added what is not seen, but is yet done of evil, there would be a sum total of educated, wealthy backsliding from Church teaching at least equal to any of which these clergy complain. We have sometimes tried to conceive the state of mind in which the bishops and clergy and influential pious laity drive or walk home from a meeting called to rescue poor souls from hell, as they pass through fashionable streets, on their way to get a little recreation in the parks. We are not now without some faint hope that, like the clergy of the North, they may be led “to take stock” of sin sumptuous; once led to bewail it, it is possible they might seek to arrest it. Our conviction is, that when the clergy have done their utmost, little will yet be done, a great deal left to do—the doing of which must be the result of lay practice and example—or, in the matter of public morality, we shall yet be, as a nation, worse than we now are.

IDLE INDUSTRY.

DEAN SWIFT used to say that a man's work was more than half done when he had found his groove. To make out the natural bent, the warp which is inside, and to suit it, to feel every day that the springing powers are in the best possible field for growth and action, to experience the conviction of capacity and the mastership over the special difficulties of your calling, by reason of your adaptability for meeting them, is assuredly one of the highest and healthiest of human pleasures. It is from an acknowledgment of this that there are so many advocates for a late entrance into professional life. The danger of parents fixing an occupation for their children is almost as great as the risk of fixing on a wife or a husband for them. And the analogy is true to this extent, that a man must live with his profession as well, or ill, as with his wife, according to our English way, and a mistake in either selection entails an incalculable amount of discomfort. The most usual effect of a false move in the setting out is that the advance made in a wrong position bears no proportion to what the progress would have been if a proper direction had been chosen in the first instance. The lawyer who should have been a doctor, after years of application becomes only an indifferent barrister. The clergyman who did not consider the special character of the functions he would have to exercise, finds the steps of the pulpit a wearier ascent every Sunday; and it is well for him indeed if, by a stern effort, he strains himself to the performance of duties which seldom wear any other aspect for him than that of ungracious and unleavened toil. Even supposing that with time his true instinctive nature is suppressed, and that he goes his round with the equanimity of an accustomed pack-horse, there is yet a force wasted to the world, and a noble work done by him without that enthusiasm which is the very essence of it. But the worst consequences of an ill choosing lies in the extreme cases. We can readily deduce half the miseries of social life from the round peg being put into the square hole. The cause of failure is not so much the want of industry or inclination as unsuitableness. Work, work, work, is drummed and thrummed into our ears from morning until night, while the triumphs of work and the worship of work positively have become an employment, and a paying one, in itself. Without going into the depths of political economy, we may venture to say that work, after all, is only a means to an end, and that when it is its own end, and there is nothing to show for it, it is purely a Sisyphean labour. There is no more utility in a man doing one thing which is unproductive and useless, than in doing any other thing by way of variety which is equally valueless. This may seem an absurdly obvious

truism, but take it now put out in an example. A gentleman of harmless but idiotic tendencies like Mr. Dick of “David Copperfield,” is mad on the subject of Charles I., and brings that monarch's head into every conversation until people perceive that he has lost his own. His opinions then will seldom be required, and we tolerate him with a compassionate smile every time he gets upon his *tête monté*. We join the grand army whose hundreds are worth the myriad squadrons of Cathay, but Mr. Dick remains all his simple life contentedly performing a sort of goose-step which never brings him farther, yet gives him the semblance and variety of movement. Supposing, however, he took another court-card to play with, and wrote a book to prove that Charles II. was a most moral and edifying king, and his favourites, ladies and gentlemen who combined a rigid public virtue with the private self-denial of anchorites, it is quite possible that so far from being looked upon as crack-brained, he would be considered an ingenious and learned man, who ran a brave tilt against an awkward pile of historical evidence. If you measure the work lost in elaborating a paradox, with the work fooled upon a toy or a hallucination by the standard of utility, there will be but slight difference between them. The old alchemist who potted for years over his crucible, and sank the elixir of youth in a vain attempt to find the elixir of life, was another instance of idle industry. So also was the star-gazer, with his trines and zodiacs and conjunctions, the seeker for the universal solvent, and the believer in perpetual motion. Those who edit magazines and newspapers have cause to groan over the amount of idle industry with which every post oppresses them. There was a chance that the alchemist might stumble into a discovery worth somewhat, and that the astrologer might descry a planet, but the barren poet, or the lumber-headed essayist will write nonsense by the ream, and who shall be the wiser for it? If the scribbler was only sufficiently strong in his own conceit to be content with admiring himself, the mischief would be comparatively harmless, but you see him rushing into print with a pertinacity which argues that he wants us to read him, to review him, nay, perhaps even to buy him. If he is declined with thanks until he gets desperate, he seeks to be delivered at his own expense. The reader may have recently noticed advertisements which encourage every author to be his own publisher. There is a proverb about the distinguished kind of barrister a man becomes who undertakes to be his own lawyer, and not to be unamiable, we shall not give our opinion of the sort of author a gentleman generally is who is his own publisher; he certainly is likely to be to a great extent his own public also. Books are, indeed, notable illustrations of idle industry. You might erect a temple to Dullness with the epics which have been printed, and higher than Pelion upon Ossa, would reach the heap of novels which, with leaves uncut and names unknown, are mouldering in the vaults of the trade. A wall of China could again be built of ponderous tomes on metaphysics, which (to paraphrase Cap'en Cuttle) to read would benefit you about as much as running your head against a stone one. This is surely an unpromising science, which Macaulay tells us has not improved since Plato. As for the Cotopaxi capped with a Peter Botte, which might be constructed from volumes of rhyme and general blank verse composed by the ambitious members of Peter Bell's family, one shrinks even in imagination from contemplating its gigantic and misty proportions.

If there is any one equal to your poet in persevering impotence it is the painter who is no artist. His case is perhaps the harder of the two. He has his moments when he could swear by the inspiration of which that landscape rejected by the committee is the execrable result. Art, beautiful art smiles upon him from other canvas, but though he feels the influence he cannot find the language. Hearing music is another matter from composing it, and yet there is scarce a bad artist extant who does not mistake his susceptibility for genius. He loves his profession, he tells you, and though he has proved his mahl-stick to be a very insufficient support, he will hold to it. This is he who never condescends to photography, and who is caustic on Collodion making gold out of nitrate of silver. But Collodion is no slave to an idle industry. He may have had his dreams, but now he knows better. Meanwhile poor Scumble paints and paints, and his productions are never hung; they go betimes to Wardour-street and are gamboged into old masters, but Scumble does not benefit. Many of them are doomed to the oblivion of a dismal store-room—Boadicea with her face to the wall, and Mariana with dust in her beautiful eyes. Another kind of idle industry is that which vents itself in field-sports. We have always upheld out-door pastimes taken in moderation, and we are certainly improved in this respect, Squire Western having no successor,

and kennel-talk being mostly discouraged in country houses. Sporting literature at present positively combines the odour of the classic with the light of the stable-lamp. Still there are inveterate fox-hunters who would be put to confusion were they required to summon any idea save that of a horse out of that moral consciousness given them for a few other purposes. To thin a covey of partridges, knock a brace of snipe right and left, to slay the whirring cock-pheasant outright as he towers, to know the sure find for puss, where the bevy of quail are likely to settle, or the stand of plover to wheel, or the string of duck to fly, are accomplishments which we have no desire to depreciate; but they might be varied with an occasional dash of usefulness. It was in a rural district in Yorkshire that an examining commission a short time since came across a young gentleman who informed them that Noah was a sort of bird, and on the same farm a mature agriculturist steadfastly and solemnly denied living in England. There is no mission for landlords to be inaugurated in this paper, but out of hand we may suggest their more active co-operation with those who are striving to impart more correct notions of Scripture than that Noah was a fowl, and sufficient of geography to settle in the bucolical mind so vexed a question as that of Yorkshire being in England.

Ladies are frequently the victims of an idle industry. Society has it so that their occupations before marriage fit them for nothing else. The ingenuity with which the most worthless branches of learning are selected for them is marvellous. The use of the globes (of no use whatever), that mysterious collect of information known as Magnall's Questions, the spelling of polysyllables, and French imported through an usher, and decanted in small quantities like cake and wine to the visitor, often constitutes the main portion of the curriculum. They are kept close enough to the piano, but in nine cases out of ten can only achieve a meaningless galope, or a showy selection. Do we not all know the school-girl's drawing, in which at vacation time one may easily see the hand of a master; the ruined castle by moonshine, which would be excellent only that the moonshine is printed upon the paper? Dancing is perhaps about the only thing an ordinary young lady can do, and as this is often to be her business, it is not an idle industry. We must include in our category, however, those dances which are never seen, heard, or read of outside the academy. Monsieur Deuxtamp's course would soon be exhausted if he limited himself to the round or square figures in common use, but he has a reserve stock of complicated movements which it takes several quarters to learn, and about a week to forget utterly. Working Bolton abbey into a sampler, or a text into suspenders for a pet curate, is assuredly idle industry, but give us any amount of Berlin wool caricatures before one pair of blue stockings. We do not care to repeat the vulgar trivialities which have been urged as reasons against lady doctors and female Portias, but there are substantial arguments enough against dowagers for deans, and prudes for proctors. As a rule, the best thing ladies can do is to marry; but failing that, we should desire them to have something to fall back on short of a scientific bloomerism or caracolling upon our hobbies Menken-fashion. Their present pursuits are unquestionably specimens of the idlest industry, and we would never conclude this article were we to descant on the ferns, potchimanie, amateur photography, and aquariums which from time to time are the objects of their misdirected energies.

THE WORKMEN'S HOME AT GUISE.

On approaching the little town of Guise, near Saint Quentin, in France, the stranger's attention is attracted by the vast façades of two lofty buildings of a palatial appearance at the extremity of the principal street. They stand in the midst of lawns, groves and gardens, about fifteen acres in extent, and occupy a peninsula formed by the Oise. The brick façades are highly decorated, having frontals in the centre and at the angles, cornices with dentils, pilasters and projecting panels, all edged by lines of violet-coloured bricks upon a red ground. The entire edifice is graceful and harmonious, inspires a feeling of grandeur, and surpasses many a royal palace. Yet it is the property neither of a nobleman nor a merchant-prince, but the home of workmen in an iron foundry and their families. It is called the Familistery; and that bridge across the Oise, where you see such constant passing to and fro, connects it with the employer's house, warehouses, and works. His name is M. Godin, and he is one of those rich men whose ambition is to make those around him as comfortable and happy as himself. He has built this magnificent workmen's Home, that those whom he employs may enjoy every comfort suited to their

condition, and that the absence of all that is humiliating, unclean, unwholesome, and unsightly, may raise them morally and materially in the scale of society. His benevolent designs have been rewarded; his costly experiment has stood the test of four years, and proved eminently successful. The capital which he invested in it yields him 6 per cent., and by his thoughtful management seven hundred poor workmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, enamellers, with their wives and families, are better lodged, clothed, and fed, and have more innocent enjoyments within their reach than elsewhere fall to the lot of the ordinary tradesman. The establishment is a perfect model, the admiration of all who visit it, the surprise and delight of all who read of it. Having realized a favourite vision of social science, we earnestly trust that it will be widely imitated, and though we fear that its success will not be as signal here as in France, because drunkenness and brawling prevail among us to a greater extent than they do there, because the English working classes are less provident than the French, and submit less easily to discipline, yet we hope, in spite of these drawbacks, to see workmen's Homes on a similar scale, and with a like system, rising speedily in various parts of the country.

It would require a pamphlet rather than a short article to give a detailed account of the residence in question at Guise. We can but advert to some of its most striking points. To say that it consists of independent apartments, connected in one spacious and handsome building, where the lodgers have ample space, and are secure from bad drainage, noxious cess-pools, imperfect ventilation, roofs out of repair, smoky chimneys, high rents and heavy rates, would fall very far short of a fair description. It exhibits in all its minor arrangements the minutest attention to the wants and comforts of the inmates, whether children or adults. Notwithstanding the neighbouring river, the soil is kept dry, and under the building and court are a series of vaults, which contain the cellars. Each lodging has a cellar and granary or loft belonging to it. Wide bays or openings in the basement walls give free access to light and air; the skylight which covers the court has numerous openings, and the court itself is watered in the hot season. In sultry weather the entire enclosure is comparatively cool and pleasant; on each landing of the house there are fountains; and the reservoirs at the top of the buildings are supplied by a small steam-engine. Cleanliness prevails in every part. Some of the women in the Familistery are engaged to wash and sweep; and the average daily consumption of water is five gallons for each individual in the Home—a fact which sufficiently proves how much private cleanliness is attended to.

A thoughtful provision for the children deserves particular notice. The immense sky-light alluded to above protects them in their play from rain and snow. Here they try their first steps and their first gymnastics; here they enjoy their healthful sports; here, on grand occasions, school prizes are distributed, and here, on the ground of beaten and polished cement, the merry dance goes round to the music of eighty amateur workmen, forming the Philharmonic Society of the Familistery. A balcony, reached by broad staircases at the corner of the buildings, runs along the façades, and from this, or from her window, the mother at her work can watch her child at play with his school-fellows in the spacious court below. There no dangers menace him, and no restraint is put upon his buoyant spirits. Nor need his mother waste her time in going about the town to make bargains. On the ground-floor are retail shops, directed by a manager. Butcher's meat, bacon, rabbits, vegetables, and every article of daily food, wine, cider, fuel, cottons, thread, and all that the housewife usually needs, is there supplied at cost price, plus a small percentage to cover expenses. The wives and daughters find employment at the several counters, and each one, in so large a community, can easily obtain remunerative labour. The unmarried workmen get all they require at a restaurant belonging to the establishment, and the meals they take there cost them from 7½d. to 10d. a day. In addition to these comforts, a casino is provided for the workmen's instruction and recreation. They can visit it occasionally, or subscribe by the month. There is a reading-room, supplied with newspapers, a billiard-room, and a refreshment-room; and while they chat, or play some innocent game, they are often regaled with music by the Philharmonic Society in an adjoining room. The leader of the band is paid by M. Godin. The general rehearsals take place weekly, and M. Godin's son is one of the members.

Much as we are obliged to omit, we must not forget to say, that a medical man visits the establishment daily. His services are paid by a Mutual Benefit Society, formed by the male inmates, which also pays two francs a day to any workman disabled by sickness. The rent of the unfurnished apartment of from one to five rooms is at the rate of 3s. 9d. a month for

each room; and the cost of a furnished room for a single workman, with linen and attendance, is from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d. a month. The apartments, with five rooms and a kitchen, and numerous closets and cupboards, the rents of which, free of all taxes and repairs, are £18 a year, would be cheap at £120 in Paris on a third floor.

But these, you will say, are all material advantages. What does M. Godin do for the mind? What provision is made for the children's education? Do they learn only to play and to work, to get money and to spend it? You shall hear. M. Godin's thought for the children is almost without parallel. There is a nursery in the Home called the Pouponnat, for infants from their birth till about two years old. It is provided with elegant iron cradles, supported on two poles and furnished with curtains. These receive the babies while their mothers are at work, and kind nurses attend to them and supply all their wants by day or night. All in the Pouponnat is gratuitous—baby-linen, milk, food, medical care, and everything a tender mother would wish. After the nursery comes the Bambinat. Here the little things remain till the age of five or six, and henceforth their food and clothing is at their parents' expense. The system of education pursued is on a level with the latest improvements, and the very intelligent teacher, wife of one of the workmen, has her two children among the pupils. All the elements of knowledge are simplified, and lessons are disguised under the shape of amusements. The School follows the Bambinat, and is so conducted as to produce admirable results. Signor Pagliardini, himself an examiner, describes them as "wonderful." The boys and girls are taught together, though on different sides of the room, for it is part of M. Godin's plan to foster morality by the "constant, open, and unmysterious companionship" of young persons of both sexes from their cradle upwards. The parents pay nothing for their children's attendance, but are fined a penny for each day on which a child is absent. This is a wise regulation, and is, in fact, the only one which interferes with the workman's liberty. He is denied the right to let his boy or girl grow up idle and ignorant, but in all other respects his life, so far as the Home is concerned, is freedom itself. Punishments are there unknown, except it be the exclusion of the child who has done badly during the week from the private garden, which on Thursday afternoons is thrown open to all the good and diligent children to their intense delight. It is charmingly laid out with flower-beds and fruit-trees of all kinds, of which they eat in the proper seasons. Another punishment consists in not being allowed to spend part of Sunday with "Mademoiselle Marie." This is a young lady of great ability and high education, a relative of M. Godin, who superintends the Pouponnat, the Bambinat, and the School. In her apartment the children find toys of every kind, and great is their joy when they are permitted to visit her. Their place in the class is determined by their proficiency during the week. We forgot to mention that the parents are not obliged to buy goods at the stores; it is quite optional. But if they do so, it must be for ready money, or they may give cheques to the amount of their daily wages. The manager, the schoolmaster, who is a young professor from Paris, Mademoiselle Marie, and the benevolent founder himself, are all engaged heart and soul on the work, and seem to enjoy to the utmost the luxury of doing good. M. Godin caused this motto to be inscribed on the foundation-stone of the Familistery,—"Dieu nous soit en aide. Hommes soyez-nous favorables;" and we cannot doubt that he will continue to obtain from God and man that assistance and favour which he has so abundantly earned. To raise the moral character of his workmen and their families is the chief end he has in view, and to attain it he places the means of instruction within their reach, and surrounds them with every comfort.

OUR MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS.

EVER since the days of old Greek theology, the arts have been regarded in the light of a sisterhood, and if we trace their progress in the history of modern civilization we find that, except in a few rare instances, whether they have advanced, retrograded, or stood still, it has been side by side. The music, the poetry, the painting, the sculpture of the middle ages, were all akin in sentiment. With the revival of classic letters in Italy, a thorough change came over the ethos of her limner's work, and the very word "Renaissance" describes a school of architecture which sprang up at the same time and in exact accordance with the spirit of the age. One of the chief characteristics which distinguish the literature of our own time is the vast range of subjects which fall within its

scope. Theology, philosophy, moral and physical science, politics, æsthetics, and fiction in endless variety, all find their representative authors—not one or two in a generation, but by the dozen every year. What is true concerning the modern pen may be said with similar reason of the modern pencil. Never was there a time when the various phases of pictorial art found exponents so numerous and so divided in their aim. From the abstract idealities of Leighton to the stagy conceptions of Frith; from the minute and conscientious work of Sandys, to the clever carelessness of Whistler; from the pure naturalism of Landseer, to the mediæval eccentricities of Stanhope, there is scarce a system of painting, or theory of composition, left untried.

The enormous extension of light literature which has taken place within the last twenty years has been accompanied by an equivalent demand for illustrations. In addition to *Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*, and a host of other weekly journals, almost all the cheap monthly magazines which sprang into existence some six years ago, are now enriched with woodcuts. This demand has necessarily developed a branch of art which had previously received but little encouragement in this country. Whatever credit may be due to the exertions of Bewick (and there is no doubt that his woodcuts possess many qualities of finish and refinement which have not since been surpassed), it is evident that the field in which he laboured was far too limited for the production of works sufficiently important to require more than ordinary skill in design. But when the *Cornhill* and *Once a Week* first led the van of cheap illustrated periodicals, some of our most accomplished painters wisely thought it not beneath their dignity to serve a cause which has been eternally ennobled by the name of Albrecht Dürer. We have already alluded to *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*. In the service of the latter paper a young but skilful draughtsman gradually developed into one of our most successful water-colour painters; in the service of the former a naturally gifted amateur became the first caricaturist of his day.

Since Leech and Gilbert first began to draw, a great revolution has occurred in the art-principles of our English school. On the merits and demerits of pre-Raphaelism in the earliest acceptance of that mis-invented word, there may be wide differences of opinion; but most people who know anything of art at all agree in believing that, although Millais failed as the founder of a style, he established an influence over his contemporaries which may be described as a lasting benefit, both within and without the walls of the Academy. The change thus brought about was not confined to oil-painting alone. It extended by degrees to woodcut illustrations. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the back numbers of *Punch* between the years 1850—1860 cannot fail to be struck with the steady improvement in figure-drawing which its pages exhibit. Novices in delineative art usually begin with crude exactness, and in due course of time arrive at practised freedom in their work; but the reverse of this rule obtains in the instance of Leech's career. His early caricatures, though not wanting in spirit, are excessively careless. As time went on he drew, not more freely, but with greater precision. His later sketches are more conscientiously rendered than any which had preceded them. None appear to have been absolutely studied from nature. In this particular he and his contemporaries differ widely from the rising generation of book illustrators. But it must be remembered that the aim of Leech's pencil was caricature, and if there is one department of art where attention to detail may, and indeed ought to be, sacrificed to motive, it is that of caricature. We do not want neatly rounded sentences and scrupulously correct English to describe a witticism. The portrait of a Regent-street dandy or of a pretty girl at the seaside, shaded with photographic accuracy, would be simply uninteresting. "Brevity," says the old adage, "is the soul of wit," and in each case it is the suggestion of fun—not the dry facts by which it is surrounded—which we relish. Leech was blessed with an excellent eye-memory, and this enabled him to carry to his studio quite sufficient facts from the hunting-field and drawing-room to serve his purpose. His humorous sketches have the genuine sparkle of impromptu wit. There is nothing laboured about them; they are dashed off with the facility of a man who says a clever thing and has done with it. If his audience do not see the joke, that is their fault. He cannot be expected to elaborate and explain.

Gilbert had no such excuse for his disregard of actualities. Moreover, his woodcuts from the first bore an appearance of finish; but it was a wrong and false finish, and this is the more to be lamented, because their very cleverness produced a

school of imitators who copied his defects without approaching the spirit which made those defects tolerable. For years Gilbert contributed the first page illustration to the *London Journal*. But in the whole course of that time he never drew so much as the leg of a man's trousers by the light of nature. He sent block after block representing the most intricate and involved subjects to the *Illustrated London News*. But the drawing was all conventional to the last degree. There was one face for the foreground, another for the middle distance, another for the rear. It did not matter whether you were looking at the representation of a city feast or a Court ball—an encampment in the Desert or a Highland shooting party. You saw the same sort of figures in the same places; the same kind of composition, the same improbabilities of light and shade. This artist has long won his spurs as a water-colour painter, and in that field has well deserved the admiration he has earned. But his early woodcuts represent a phase of illustration which we hope will never be revived. Birkett Foster stands as a landscapist in the same position which Gilbert held as a figure draughtsman. His conceptions are ingenious and pretty; many of them exhibit great knowledge of scenic effect, and all bear evidence of a patient hand and graceful pencil; but they are full of mannerisms, and remind one more of the perfection which is attained by a clever drawing-master than of the results which follow a close study of nature.

Among English painters of note, Millais was one of the first who devoted his pencil to the illustration of serial literature in its present form. His great facility of hand and accurate knowledge of the figure could not fail to make most of his designs interesting. The wood engravings which accompanied Mr. Trollope's story of "Framley Parsonage" in the *Cornhill* are admirable specimens of his skill, and display not only great artistic power, but a keen sympathy with the novelist's idea of character. He has, however, occasionally lapsed into carelessness as an illustrator, and some of his sketches in *Once a Week* are curious as showing to what lengths this fault may be carried by an artist who has once established a reputation. Mr. F. Leighton's woodcuts, on the contrary, are always scrupulously finished. His accurate knowledge of costume, of architecture, and of decorative art, render him peculiarly fitted to bring before us those scenes of the past which depend so greatly on such accessories for their interest. The habits of social life in mediæval Italy he seems to have studied with especial care; and when in illustrating such a story as "Romola," he introduces a cowed monk, a child's cradle, a dandy's costume, a palace gateway, or any of those rich and picturesque details which mark the ritual of the Roman Church,—each and all of these are portrayed not only with the skill of an expert draughtsman, but also with the precision of a careful antiquary. The ambition of Mr. Sandys seems to be, first, to select his subjects from life in the middle ages, and then to treat them with all the spirit of an early woodcut. His illustrations, therefore, even in the method of their execution, are always characteristic; and, as representing a particular phase of art, may be pronounced the best of their school. But it is an art of which the beauties are as caviare to the multitude. It may satisfy a cultivated taste—a taste of that sombre and intellectual order which could appreciate the charms of Dante's poetry, Palestrina's music, and the sculpture of Pisano. But those who are accustomed to test the merits of descriptive art by a natural standard, or whose notions of grace are derived from the false idealism which prevailed in the early part of this century, will find nothing to admire in the works of Sandys or Rossetti.

The artist whose designs are most calculated to please the general public, while they fulfil most conditions of artistic excellence, is Mr. Frederick Walker. There is nothing constrained or affected either in his conceptions or in his method of working. He has the vigour of Sandys without his archaism; the ease and grace of Millais with more than his (ordinary) care. He can draw with pre-Raphaelite accuracy when he chooses, or sketch an initial-letter vignette with an effect which is surprising for the amount of labour employed. In his illustrations to Mr. Thackeray's "Phillip" he steadily improved from the first to the last; and both in that series and in the woodcuts which accompanied the unfinished story of "Denis Duval," there are qualities which do infinite credit to so young a hand. Holding a middle place between the works of Sandys and Walker are those of another youthful artist whose career was sadly cut short at a time when he showed great promise of future fame. The drawings of Mr. Lawless are not of uniform merit, and this may be explained by the fact that for some time previous to his death his health was gradually declining. But the best of them exhibit evidence of great originality and conscientious study. The treatment of his subjects was

thoroughly unconventional. In delineating the incidents of domestic life during the last century, he was particularly fortunate. He drew to a great extent in what is technically known as "intelligent outline," but whenever he had to realize an effect of light and shade he was always true to nature.

The merits and demerits of Mr. Tenniel as an illustrator are too well known to need comment here. A fellow-worker with Leech in the pages of *Punch*, he occupies a very different department in the field of caricature. His full-page designs, or, as they are commonly called, cartoons, are, as a rule, admirably drawn, and stand alone as specimens of modern allegory; but in his representations of every-day life he is not so happy. Perhaps his greatest strength lies in the half-sympathy which he seems to have with early art, and this, combined with a strong sense of humour, makes his pseudo-mediæval sketches irresistibly comic. Here we must hastily complete our list. The names of Watson, Pinwell, and Houghton, as historical illustrators: of Doyle and Keene as caricaturists: have been before the public long enough to make them notable. Mr. G. Du Maurier's talents are of a range wide enough to embrace both caricature and the picturesque aspect of novel literature, in each of which he excels. There is yet another gentleman, hitherto better known as a painter than a book-illustrator, who has lately devoted much time and attention to the faithful picturing of sacred history. As the work on which he is engaged is not yet before the public, it may be premature to allude to it here, but, if we may judge from the designs which Mr. E. J. Poynter has already exhibited, he will find few rivals in the field of Bible illustration.

KNELLER HALL AND OUR MILITARY MUSIC.

It is, perhaps, one of the greatest anomalies of our anomalous military system that our army bands, which subserve some social and many military uses, should be maintained, not at the cost of the State, but chiefly out of the pockets of the officers of each regiment. Every officer is obliged to contribute twelve days' pay in the course of a year to the band-fund, and an extra sum when promoted. Attempts have been made by the Horse Guards to relieve the commissioned officers of part of the expense of the present system, not by transferring the cost to the State, but by reducing the number of musicians. As musical taste improves, however, the natural tendency is towards an increase in the number and efficiency of the musicians. Modern composers have chiefly shown their genius in the richness and resources of their orchestral instrumentation. New instruments have been invented, and must be adopted in all effective military bands which aim at the performance of modern operatic music. Thus, the officers of a regiment, oddly and unjustly enough, find themselves saddled with the purchase of flutes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, ophicleides, big drums, cymbals, triangles, and "all manner of musical instruments." But the troubles of the Band Committee are by no means at an end when the instruments are procured and paid for. Skilled musicians are still more necessary than good instruments. The members of a regimental band are usually selected from the ranks. The bandmaster is, in the majority of cases, a civilian, although he appears on parade in uniform. He is in such cases engaged by the officers, and his salary, which is often very high, forms no inconsiderable addition to the demands made upon their private purses. Nor is the result always satisfactory. When the allied armies served together in the Crimea, the superiority of the French and Sardinian military bands furnished occasion for the most humiliating comparisons, at the expense of the English regiments. Our musicians were ill-taught and worse led. At one or two grand reviews of the allied forces, the English Commander-in-Chief gave directions for the various bands to amalgamate, and play "God Save the Queen" together. It was found, however, that the order could not be obeyed. The instruments of various bands were of a different musical pitch, and it was impossible for two English bands to play in concert.

The Duke of Cambridge was led to institute inquiries into the causes of the inferiority of the English military bands as compared with those of Continental countries. The result showed the necessity of establishing a normal school for bandmasters and bandsmen, and Kneller Hall, near Hounslow, was obtained by the War Office for the experiment, which has shown not only the wisdom of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, in the establishment of this school of military music, but his discrimination in the selection of the Director-Commandant. Colonel Whitmore has been for more than eight years the sole director of Kneller Hall. The British army now obtains from this establishment admirable

musicians in the persons of disciplined British soldiers, animated by the *esprit de corps* of their regiments, ready to accompany them to any quarter of the world, and setting an example of excellent conduct, as well as cheerful loyalty and allegiance. Upwards of 130 musicians of various ranks in the army—non-commissioned officers and privates—are under instruction at Kneller Hall, for bandmasters and bandsmen. The various regiments in the service have the privilege of sending candidates, who, if they show musical taste and aptitude, remain about two years. Students begin, of course, with elementary lessons. They sing to improve the ear, copy and transpose music, and study instruments. They have an excellent staff of masters—ten to teach the different instruments, two assistants for elementary music, and a normal schoolmaster for grammar, arithmetic, &c. Several eminent London musicians are among the teachers. Mr. Lazarus, for example, teaches the clarinet, Mr. Barret the oboe, Mr. Hughes (who succeeded the late Mr. Cioffi) the basses, Mr. Hawkes the trombones, Mr. Zeiss the tenor brass, &c. When the pupils are fair performers, are able to read at sight, and to take a part in concert with the band, they are recommended to return to their regiments as bandsmen. If they exhibit more than usual musical genius, they are retained for further instruction in the theory of harmony. Sometimes, students sent to be trained as bandsmen have developed musical talents which qualify them to fill the post of bandmasters. They then enter the first-class, consisting of advanced students, who study the theory of harmony under Mr. Mandel, a distinguished musician and most zealous and successful teacher.

Kneller Hall, under the management of Colonel Whitmore, and sustained by the watchful and friendly supervision of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, has been a brilliant and remarkable success. Seventy-one bandmasters have already been sent to the different regiments in the British service, and, with scarcely an exception, they have given the greatest satisfaction. The official reports published by the Horse Guards state that commanding officers of regiments bear the warmest testimony to the value of Kneller Hall as a school of instruction in military music. The band of the 13th Regiment of Foot, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Mark Kerr, has, under the tuition of two successive masters from Kneller Hall, become perhaps the best band in the army, scarcely excepting the stationary bands of the Guards and Artillery. The lieutenant-colonel of one regiment writes to say that the bandmaster sent to them from Kneller Hall is, in the opinion of the officers, quite as good as their late civilian bandmaster, to whom they paid £250 a year out of the band fund. The colonel adds,—“I am sure, in ten years’ time, there will be no civilian bandmasters in the service, and a good thing it will be.” A regiment that returned from India a year or two ago, with only a few men left in the band, and no instruments fit to play upon, obtained from Kneller Hall an excellent and successful bandmaster, and in six months the band, consisting of thirty-seven men and boys, were able to perform in public with the greatest credit. The officers of the Bays speak in high terms of the bandmaster sent to them in India from Kneller Hall. The bandsmen give equal satisfaction in their subordinate capacities. It appears from the official reports that so great is the desire to obtain admission to the institution, that musicians who have completed their ten years’ enlistment are often willing to re-enlist for the second period of service, if allowed to complete their musical education at Kneller Hall.

The Horse Guards has wisely done its part in maintaining the importance of the office of bandmaster, and making it an object of ambition in the service. The Commander-in-Chief has ordered that bandmasters who have been trained at Kneller Hall shall receive a salary of £100 a year from the regimental band-fund, in addition to their pay as first-class staff-sergeants. Their rank in the regiment is with the schoolmaster, and next to the serjeant-major. About fifty bandmasters have now been appointed who have received this allowance of £100 a year, and pay as first-class staff-sergeants. The saving to regiments is very considerable, the salaries formerly given to civilian bandmasters, principally foreigners, having ranged from £200 to £300 a year, and upwards. Colonel Whitmore has also, under the sanction of the Horse Guards, organized a system of supplying band instruments of the best description to regiments, at a reduction of between 25 and 30 per cent. The instruments thus supplied being of uniform pitch, a regiment returning from India or the colonies can march into Aldershot and play “God save the Queen,” or a march, in correct time and concert with any and all the other regiments supplied through Kneller Hall.

Not the least valuable of the acquirements gained by the

bandmasters and bandsmen at Kneller Hall is a knowledge of church-music. The colonel commandant has a wide and thorough acquaintance with our fine old cathedral anthems, chants, and responses, and it has been a labour of love with him to familiarize his musicians with the “Service of Song in the House of the Lord.” The visitor to Kneller Hall on Sunday morning is agreeably surprised to hear, most reverently performed, a choral service which, in a musical sense, is equal to that of many of our cathedrals. He will also hear a faithful, affectionate, and eloquent sermon from the Rev. Hugh Huleatt, an army chaplain who, we are informed, receives a pension for wounds received under fire in the discharge of his sacred duty, and who wears in the pulpit, with something of soldierly pride, the Crimean medal which tells of service before the enemies of the Queen.* Colonel Whitmore, as a good Churchman, must reflect, with no common pleasure, that the students who take part in these services will, when they return to their regiments, be called upon, in every quarter of the world, to arrange church-music and to organize choirs which will most powerfully aid and assist the preacher. Soldiers in distant lands, and, it may be, in unhealthy climates, are always more susceptible of religious influences and impressions than at home; and who can pretend to measure the beneficial effects and soothing influences which our grand old cathedral music, our soul-stirring anthems and hallowed responses, may be destined to exercise, through the agency of these student-musicians, over the hearts of officers and men when thousands of miles distant from old England?

The establishment at Kneller Hall is self-supporting, each regiment contributing a fixed annual sum towards the expenses. The sum originally assessed upon each regiment was £10 per annum; but the Adjutant-General during the present year has issued a circular, by command of the Duke of Cambridge, to announce that, “in consequence of the care and economy with which the expenses of the Military School of Music have been regulated by Lieutenant-Colonel Whitmore,” the subscription may be reduced to £8 per annum.

Will our readers believe that the sole director of this successful undertaking has received no remuneration whatever for his arduous and self-sacrificing labours? It is no secret in the army that Colonel Whitmore is one of the worst-used men in the service. Before he could hold the post of Commandant at Kneller Hall, he was obliged to go upon half-pay. During eight years of up-hill work and harassing duty, he has been content to receive half the income he would have obtained if he had gone on doing ordinary regimental duty! Worse than all, he has lost military “time,” and sees his juniors in the service rising to be full colonels and generals while he is “shunted,” and finds himself “off the line” of advancement and promotion, at Kneller Hall. We merely echo an opinion which is held both in military and musical circles, when we say that the knowledge and love of music which so eminently fitted Colonel Whitmore for the directorship of Kneller Hall, and which have made him pre-eminently the “right man in the right place,” have been to his family a loss and a snare. The mistake at the outset was in not attaching a salary (say of £300 a year) to the Commandantship. It may be said for the War Office of 1856 that the institution was at first an experiment, and that until its success was assured, and its advantages to the army made manifest, it would have been unwise to create a salaried office with a contingent claim to compensation. But now that half a hundred bandmasters, and hundreds of bandsmen have carried the renown of Kneller Hall into every regiment in the service, now that the demand for these skilled musicians is greater than the supply, the establishment stands on a very different footing. If we had not satisfied ourselves from official documents that Colonel Whitmore has received no remuneration for his arduous labours during eight years, except furnished quarters at Kneller Hall, we should have thought such a scandal upon our army administration impossible. No one will be surprised that rumours are current of Colonel Whitmore’s intention to resign his post in justice to his family. The remedy, it is clear, does not lie with the Horse Guards, but with the War Office and the Treasury. Earl De Grey and Ripon must be well informed in regard to the silent and unobtrusive course of usefulness pursued by a meritorious but hitherto unpaid officer. Mr. Childers, the new Secretary to the Treasury, is too shrewd not to be aware that a Minister and a department sometimes deserve well of the House of Commons by strangling a job, and at other times by seeing that the public service is not starved where honest, useful, and faithful work is done. It would give us

* The Rev. H. Huleatt has, if we mistake not, received medals for India, China, and the Crimea.

sincere pleasure to hear the Marquis of Hartington propose in the estimates for next year a gratuity in the nature of arrears of salary to Colonel Whitmore. A moderate and suitable allowance could then be attached to the commandantship at Kneller Hall for the future. If, by such an outlay, the services of Colonel Whitmore can be retained, a great wrong and hardship will be redressed, and the high character and efficiency of a most useful institution maintained.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

WITH the beginning of Term begins also the long list of College lectures. Much has been thought and much said, and not a little might be written about College lectures; their advantages, their inherent defects, the difficulties under which they necessarily labour, and the possible means for relieving some of these. There is no doubt that the College lecture is a very different thing now to what it was at the beginning of the century; a change depending on the same causes that have so materially improved the system of education all over the land. At the beginning of the century, the curriculum at Oxford comprised nothing but the classics, and the only instruction which a college tutor was expected to give in them was to hear his class *construe*. Composition in Latin and Greek was never practised. "When I went to Oxford" (in 1799), writes Mr. Fynes Clinton, in his autobiography, "Greek learning was, perhaps, at the lowest point of degradation; during the seven years of my residence there, four of them as an undergraduate, I never received a syllable of instruction concerning Greek accents, or Greek metres, or the idiom of Greek sentences—in short, no information on any one point of grammar, or syntax, or metre; those subjects were never named to me." Yet this was at Christchurch, under Cyril Jackson. "A well-taught boy from a public school could learn nothing in a tutor's lecture-room" (so writes an eminent authority), "and by being classed with the half-taught and the untaught, and in the general absence of all supervision or motive, he probably lost ground." Indeed, prior to the statute of 1801, the tutors of each college had lectured their pupils in whatever they thought fit, without reference to any examination but their own. In sixty years a great change has come over the University, by the gradual introduction of Logic, Philosophy, Modern History and Law, Comparative Philology, and the Physical Sciences. An attempt to give a sort of method to these new branches of study resulted in the division of examinations, which roughly proposed to confine pure scholarship to Moderations, and to postpone the other subjects to the "great go." This is not the place to discuss the advantage and disadvantage of this scheme, which has been on its trial a dozen years or so; but the bearing of the change on College lectures is very important. It is evident that the responsibility of the College tutor, and the demand upon his capabilities have been enormously increased: especially as the tradition still holds, that for instruction in all these subjects (with the exception of the physical sciences and, in a measure, of law and modern history), the pupil is still to look to his tutor. Now it will be allowed, that the natural desire of a worthy staff of tutors in a college is to do the utmost that they can for their pupils, and the result of this laudable desire has been the extension and the subdivision of the College lecture-list to meet the requirements of students of various standing engaged in these manifold subjects. It is a point of the utmost importance to consider whether this conscientious feeling is not liable to defeat itself by really overdoing the amount of lectures. With the present number of students, and the existing staff of tutors, the system is already strained to the utmost, and should a considerable addition be made, as is by no means improbable, to the number of young men at the University, there is no doubt that the whole will have to be remodelled. To begin with, the College tutor finds himself always responsible for a certain number of Pass Men, whose only hope of salvation lies in their being taken slowly and steadily through their work in the lecture-room; for the stupid cannot, and the lazy probably will not, get up their work if they are left to themselves. There seems a sort of unscrupulousness in turning these men bodily over to the training of a private "coach," and so they remain as a heavy dead weight upon the tutor's hands—a necessity for an arduous, or often a thankless, service. Pre-occupied with the needs of this part of the College, the tutor has next to consider what the rest of his pupils require. These must of necessity, except in those Colleges which have only one time for matriculation or commencement of residence, be of every possible term of standing, from the man to whom Moderations is still eighteen months distant, to him who is taking his last polish for the final schools. And to supply the possible requirements of all these pupils, it is most likely that you will find upon the College list a lecture in Aristotle's Ethics, in the Republic of Plato, perhaps in the Novum Organum, or the History of Philosophy; certainly in Logic, very likely in Greek or Roman history, there will also not improbably be lectures for the Moderation men, such as one on the Iliad, on Virgil, on Sophocles, on Demosthenes. In the majority of instances there is too much of it for the tutor, and too much for the men. The latter often complain, and not without reason, that they waste time at lecture. For out of very anxiety to make the lectures useful, the tutor is tempted to pour facts into his pupils trusting to their digesting them afterwards. To an inferior man the process is really unimproving, to a good man it is unsatis-

factory, since his instincts tell them that the instructor's aim should be to teach him to think for himself, and not to save him the trouble of thinking. Another drawback that can hardly be overstated is the throwing together into the same class men of utterly different capacity. To whom is the tutor to address himself? Is his lecture to be made up to the standard of the most intelligent of his pupils, and thereby to be unmeaning to the rest; or is it to be within the grasp of the meanest mind present; or is it to adopt a middle course, neither attractive nor really useful to either? For these difficulties it does not seem that the tutor is to be blamed, but the circumstances and the customs by which he is surrounded. As to the ideal lectures in history, or in philosophy (say), every one would be sure to have some special views of his own; yet most teachers would allow that such lectures should be deferred till the pupils have read through all or most of the text of the book which forms the subject of the lecture; then the class would be in a position to follow their instructor as he traced the development of thought, or the line of argument in the writer; and as reference was made from one part of the book to another with the intention of elucidating the whole. At present, such a course is impossible. In the case of purely classical subjects, it is our belief that for the better type of undergraduates a single book taken in lecture and studied most minutely, no matter how slow the process, would be productive of infinitely more advantage than five books "got through" more cursorily; for the class would have learned what the study of an author really meant, which, in seven cases out of ten, is a profound secret to even the industrious undergraduate. The real distinctive work of the College tutor, as we believe it ought to be, lies in his private work with each pupil. The piece of composition corrected and discussed between the two; the translated passage, commented on both from the point of scholarship and style; the written answer to some question in ancient history or philosophy which the tutor criticises, is the real solid help that a man gets within the walls of his college. There must be numbers of men who have taken the highest honours, and who have been pupils of the most distinguished tutors, who would readily bear out this assertion. Still it is true that it is always to the best style of pupil that this form of instruction is most valuable: the case of the inferior man is not taken thoroughly into consideration. That many of these drawbacks might be removed, and many of these real advantages made more accessible, is a distant hope, but yet it is a hope, though neither the University nor the individual colleges have fairly looked the matter in the face yet; there are many, indeed, to whom such a suggestion would seem most heretical if not ludicrous. One great means towards it would be a far more extensive amalgamation of the lectures of several colleges, which would facilitate a sifting process, and enable each man to be put into the sort of lecture that suited his attainments or his ignorance. Unfortunately, the development of such a scheme would require a considerable sacrifice of personal feelings, which is an act of self-denial not more popular in Oxford than in the rest of the world; besides, such combinations would let in an unwelcome amount of light into certain dark places of Oxford education, and, like as when the solid earth is rent asunder in Homer's lines, places would be disclosed to view—

σμερδαλία, εὐρώιντα, τὰ τε στυγίουςι θεοὶ περ.

But another, and a more practicable aid would be a considerable increase of *really useful professorial chairs*. No one can be blind to the amount of good done by such masters as the present Professors of Latin and Greek. But the extent of work done by the two best men in the world must be limited by human power. Why not, then, appoint deputy-professors in these subjects, and in the departments of ancient and modern history too? The boon would be great to all the better men who cared to read in an intelligent way, and they would find their College tutors would thus have far more time to assist them personally in their work, in that way which has been described as distinctively the most valuable part of the tutor's connection with his pupils. At present there is little chance of such a change, for complaints may be heard from a large party that one of the fatal designs of the "Philistines" is to change the form of Oxford education from the tutorial to the professorial. The murmurers fail to see that a combination for mutual strength is possible between the two elements. Yet they accept without murmuring the establishment of a Professorship of Entomology; they acquiesce in the promise of a Professorship of Physical Geography by-and-by, and they apparently look with favour upon the existence of sundry other chairs, which may, perhaps, in a full term be surrounded by a class of two pupils. The famous Oxford constituency doesn't know the real interests of the University yet! Annexed is a livelier view of the requirements of Oxford education as put forward by recent undergraduate wit in connection with the late feud between the University and the city:—

"GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—It has long been a subject of complaint that the supply of coaches in Oxford has so far fallen short of the demands of the place, that Undergraduates are often compelled to have recourse to very inferior cabs, in order to get over the ground required by the University. Actuated by a sincere wish to supply this deficiency, the Great Western directors have resolved, at a great sacrifice, to remove their carriage works to Oxford, and beg to intimate that, in addition to their railway business, they will shortly be in a position to supply first and second-class coaches, of superior quality, on very reasonable terms. A third, or 'proletarian' class, is also manufactured, suited to the requirements of the 'passing' generation. It is a strong, useful article, warranted

to run for any length of time on grease, especially Ancient Greece, and will effect a great saving of that rather expensive lubricant, mid-night oil.

"Traps," for Examiners, in great variety, always kept in stock.

"The attention of 'moderators' is particularly called to the Company's supply of Lamps, which are specially constructed to throw light on obscure passages, such as Logic Lane.

"In answer to numerous enquiries the Directors beg to say that they will entertain applications from the Colleges for the loan of a few experienced hands to brighten up any 'slow coaches' they may have on hand.

"They are also prepared to enter into a contract for the repair and maintenance in order of the University 'Curriculum,' which recent alterations by young and inexperienced workmen have rendered somewhat unsafe for the present race of men. This contract might or might not include one for 'paving the way' for future reforms.

"Oct. 20th, 1865.

"BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

"N.B.—The Town or Gown supplied with apparatus and men for 'sweeping the High' on the 5th of November, 'and at other times when required by the Ordinary' British cad."

THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXX.—THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER.—No. 2.
ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE.

No account of the condition and organization of the Church of England in Liverpool would be complete without some notice of St. Aidan's College, and the services which this institution has rendered to the Established Church and the cause of religion generally. The labours of the principal, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Baylee, and his staff of students in carrying the truths of religion into the houses of the more densely packed and demoralized districts of Liverpool, deserve to be widely known and to be mentioned with all honour.

The history of St. Aidan's College shows how much may be effected in a good cause by a single energetic, conscientious, and devoted man. The difficulties in Dr. Baylee's path when he first resolved on founding St. Aidan's, were of so disheartening and herculean a character, that nothing but a solemn sense of Christian duty could have nerved him to go on with the work. The Church of England seemed called upon to make some special effort and provision to meet the dense spiritual ignorance of the poorer districts which, owing to the influx of a new and vast population, set at defiance the efforts of the local clergy. Dr. Baylee determined to form a college for the preparation of candidates for the ministry, and to initiate them into pastoral duties during their studentship by practical missionary work. He laid his plan before Dr. Sumner, then Bishop of Chester, but shortly afterwards elevated by Earl Russell to the Primacy. He pointed out to his diocesan the advantages which would accrue on the one hand to the Divinity students, and on the other to the benighted population of Liverpool. The excellent bishop listened to him with interest, admitted the justness of his arguments and the soundness of his views, and wished him every success. The reader will naturally suppose that Dr. Sumner either gave Dr. Baylee some pecuniary aid, or if that were not convenient, allowed him to make use of his name in appealing to the public for material assistance. He does not appear to have done either one or the other. Nor was Dr. Baylee more successful in other quarters.

Undismayed by the want of episcopal and influential lay patronage, Dr. Baylee, with the firm faith and self-reliance of a man who believed that the blessing of Heaven would rest upon his work, resolved to go forward and take upon himself the whole risk of the enterprise. His first step, with the assistance of some friends, was to organise the Parochial Assistant Association. Dr. Baylee was appointed Theological Professor to the Association, and was moreover entrusted with the formation of a college for the instruction of candidates for holy orders. If the clergy of Liverpool gave Dr. Baylee their candid, hearty, and zealous co-operation at this trying stage of his great enterprise, the fact ought now to be stated to their honour, and the encouragement of future Churchmen who may throw themselves into home missionary work. We rather infer, however, from a paragraph in his report submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the majority of the Liverpool clergy gave Dr. Baylee the "cold shoulder," and that he deeply felt the want of their generous Christian sympathy.

"I am," he says, "to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the two rectors of Liverpool and one or two of the clergy who gave me their kind counsel and encouragement during the six months of anxiety which preceded the opening of the college. It is right, however, to state that I did not receive one farthing of public or private aid, except a loan from three personal friends."

If these three personal friends (or any one of them) had been clergymen, Dr. Baylee, we may be assured, would have felt himself bound to notice the fact. Dr. Baylee then proceeds, in his report, to place before the Archbishop a summary of his operations during the two years and a half which had expired since he had first laid his plans before him as Bishop of Chester. He narrates that, being assured the work was of God, he had ventured to rent a large block of building, well situated for the purpose, and had entered upon an annual liability for rent and taxes of about £450, with only ten students. Four wealthy persons guaranteed the rent to the landlord. Before the first year had expired the reverses of a commercial life rendered them incapable of fulfilling the guarantee; but, by God's fostering care, he was enabled by the returns of the college itself to meet every demand. He had also an outlay of more than £1,200 to make in order to furnish the college. And now for the results. His ten students had, in three years, increased to fifty, and had visited more than 45,000 persons. Of the students, forty were candidates for orders, the others were younger.

Dr. Baylee contemplated an appeal to the public for funds to enable him to carry out the theological college of St. Aidan on a larger and more effective scale. He now applied to his Grace the Primate for his sanction and patronage:—

"It is with the greatest reluctance, my Lord [he said], that I make this application. I have laboured in retirement as long as was compatible with carrying out those great objects. The time, however, has now come when increasing success demands an effort, rendering indispensable larger funds than any which I could hope to obtain without the receipt of public support. Having, under the Divine blessing, accomplished thus much, I hope the time has arrived when I may expect such aid as will enable me to expand my present efforts into an Institution, the idea of which has occupied my mind for thirteen years, and towards the accomplishment of which all my past exertions have been directed."

The address to the Archbishop, coupled with the celebrity the College of St. Aidan's had already attained, led to a public meeting. It was held in the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, November 4, 1850. Two subjects occupied the attention of the meeting. The first was the best means of filling up a subscription list of £10,000—the lowest sum with which it was deemed prudent to commence the building of the proposed new college. The second was how to bring before the public a practical and comprehensive scheme for the formation among the students of the College of a Parochial Assistant Association, to visit at the houses of the poor under the sanction of the rectors of Liverpool and the clergy of the different parishes, and at the same time to enlist the sympathies and weekly contributions of the middle classes of Liverpool in aid of a systematic extension of the number of clergy and the amount of their endowments.

Dr. Baylee had already begun to realize the truth of the proverb that "nothing succeeds like success." The meeting was most numerous attended. Dr. Baylee had proved not only the advantages to be derived from his college, but his personal capabilities for directing it, and friends—and influential ones too—now flocked around him in great numbers. The Rector of Liverpool, Dr. Campbell (who, to his credit be it said, had always approved of Dr. Baylee's idea) occupied the chair, and among the company present were the Marquis of Blandford and many of the principal clergy and laity in the diocese. Letters of regret for unavoidable absence, and breathing good wishes for the success of the college, were, moreover, read from the Earl of Harrowby, Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P. (now Lord Ebury), and others.

Dr. Baylee, in a speech of great force and eloquence, narrated the history of the College, and described the proposed plan of the new building, as well as its educational organization. He explained that the establishment of St. Aidan's College was no mark of disrespect to University education, but at the same time the Church did not train men for the pastoral office. The University course was invaluable in giving a noble education, and the theological course, then lately added to the Cambridge undergraduate course, was a most important training in speculative religion. But neither the one nor the other, he submitted, gave the pastoral experience without which the minister of Christ is but ill-fitted for his arduous work, however brilliant may have been his University career.

"And here (continued Dr. Baylee) I would not be mistaken. I am far from depreciating our noble Universities. God forbid that institutions, such as that over which I have the honour to preside, should ever be other than supplemental to them. Yet do we not need practical training? What should we think of speculative medicine or surgery? Were there no clinical lectures could the young practitioner be fitted for his office? And how is it that a few months of theological study could fit a person for all the arduous duties of the care of souls? I hope I am not presumptuous in saying that St.

Aidan's College has gone very far towards providing an effectual remedy. Its students obtain two years' practice in actual visitation before they are presented to the bishop for orders. The value of that training is no longer a problem. I have been furnished with testimonials from the incumbents of the parishes and districts where our students have been ordained, and I am truly thankful to be able to say that in no case has the reply been unsatisfactory. I have been honoured, within the last month, with the testimony of the highest authority in our Church. His Grace wrote to ask whether I had a student suitable for a very important post, and he added, 'All your men are going on to my entire satisfaction.' At an expense to Liverpool of about £60 a year, St. Aidan's College has provided for the stated visitation of 25,000 of her population."

The result of the meeting, aided by a society established for the purpose in London, was the raising of a sum exceeding £10,000. The present building was accordingly commenced. So complete has been the success of the College, that, noble as is the present edifice, and commodious in its arrangements, it is intended to enlarge it by building an additional wing, which, when completed, will, with other proposed alterations, render the College one of the finest buildings in Liverpool.

Yes; the Theological College of St. Aidan, no longer the brilliant day-dream of an enthusiastic yet far-seeing Churchman, is now an established fact. It has succeeded admirably, and would seem to have as well-assured an existence before it as the oldest endowed college in either of our Universities. The zeal of its Principal and the devotion and industry of its students may be judged from the circumstance that no college at either Oxford or Cambridge has in an equal space of time prepared so many men for holy orders as the college originated and established at Birkenhead by Dr. Bayley. We have not the exact figures before us, but we entertain no doubt that the statement is accurate. The Primate of England is its patron; two noblemen of high standing and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer figure as its trustees; and about a dozen of the first noblemen, merchants, and divines of the diocese manage its affairs as a Council. Care has been taken to guard against any intrusion upon the parochial rights of any Liverpool clergyman, and yet it helps all who desire to avail themselves of its aid. The Parochial Assistant Association receive assistance from the students. No student can regularly visit in Liverpool until approved by the committee of that Association, and even then only in the district to which the incumbent invites him. Each student must visit at least 150 families every six weeks. In the meantime he is receiving at the college a regular theological education, and is thus combining the speculative in theology and the practical in religion in such a way as eminently to qualify him for ordination. The college consists of a senior and junior department. The senior are all divinity students; the junior receive a general education. In the senior department there are three lecturers in divinity; in the junior a head master and two assistants. The whole is under the constant supervision of the Principal.

The theological doctrines taught at the College of St. Aidan's are those of the broad principles of the Church of England, with perhaps somewhat of an Evangelical tendency. Each student, as he presents himself for Holy Orders, must, of course, be prepared to declare his unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing contained in the book of Common Prayer. That consent, however, embraces one great principle set forth in the preface.

"The particular forms of Divine worship, and the rites and ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things of their own nature indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged, it is but reasonable that, upon weighty and important consideration, according to the exigencies of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made therein as those that are in places of authority should from time to time deem necessary or expedient."

And these, as nearly as possible, appear to be the theological views taught at St. Aidan's College, and accepted by the governing council; and, educated in these principles, the students present themselves for ordination.

Another study appears to enter into the curriculum of education at St. Aidan's College—that of medicine. Among the professors named in the prospectus we find the name of Mr. James Theodore Vale, F.C.S. and M.D., a practitioner of high and well-deserved reputation, as lecturer in medicine. The absence of some provision for medical education has been a serious omission in the studies of our missionaries—

"Who roam

To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores."

Nothing impresses the mind of a savage so much as the successful cure of some bodily accident or ailment. An ounce of such knowledge in the infancy of a foreign mission is, humanly speaking, worth more than a ton of speculative theology. It is difficult to

inculcate the doctrine of the Trinity in the mind of a degraded African who cannot count three. But he can readily understand that the man who has set his broken arm or leg, or cured his poisoned spear wound, is not only a friend, but one whose knowledge is far superior to his own. The American missionaries have for years past made great use of the science of medicine. The Scotch Missionary Societies have also taken up the subject, and are making attempts to engraft the medical upon the theological mission. We are in possession of a number of incidents, showing the extraordinary effects of cases successfully treated by scientifically instructed missionaries upon the minds of barbarous tribes. Some of these anecdotes, sent us by gentlemen interested in the combination of the sciences of medicine and theology are exceedingly curious and convincing. One of these we cannot forbear from quoting:—

During the fiercest part of the last Caffre war, when every mail which arrived from the Cape, brought with it accounts of the horrible cruelties practised by our savage enemies upon the unfortunate English prisoners who had fallen into their hands, an article appeared in one of our leading journals calling the attention of the peace party to the fact, and tauntingly inviting them to try their doctrines on those in arms against the British rule in Africa. The writer promised that if one of their number went on the mission and returned alive, he would immediately afterwards adopt peace principles and admit the possibility of doing away with war for the future. No one, of course, accepted the invitation, and the subject dropped. Some years afterwards it was ascertained that Dr. Livingstone, in his quality of a medical missionary, had twice, during the heat of the war, passed through Caffraria without danger or impediment from the natives. Although this incident by no means shows that the Caffres were willing to embrace Christianity, it must be admitted that the "medicine-man" had contrived to obtain no small amount of respect among them. We would submit to Dr. Bayley, whether in his excellent College, it would not be possible to extend the study of medicine among those of his pupils destined for foreign missionary stations? From our own experience we believe he would have but little difficulty in obtaining subscriptions for an experiment of the kind. The addition either of a small ward for clinical instruction within the walls of St. Aidan's itself, or an arrangement to the same end with the officers of one of the medical charities in Liverpool, might easily be effected. He would be certain to receive assistance and support from that liberal profession. None hold the Church and religion in greater respect than the more intelligent of our medical men.

The success of St. Aidan's College may be judged from the fact that no fewer than 415 gentlemen have been ordained from it. Of these, in 1864, 19 were rectors of different parishes, 9 were vicars, 62 were incumbents of district churches, 8 were ministers in new districts, and missionaries; 30 were chaplains and secretaries; and 107 were curates. Since that return a large proportion of the remainder have been appointed to different preferments. Indeed, so successful has been the career of the St. Aidan's students, that no little jealousy has been excited among those of the clergy who have gone through the regular course of the Oxford or Cambridge Universities, at what they consider the undue preference shown to the students of St. Aidan's. Whether this preference really exists, and if so, whether it is well-grounded, are topics which it might be invidious to discuss. Certainly, among our clergy, none are more efficient ministers of the Gospel, or are better spoken of by those under the spiritual rule of the Church of England, than those educated at St. Aidan's. Among other qualifications of the men of St. Aidan's College is considerable tact in the art of making themselves liked;—a qualification not always to be found among the clergy of the Church of England. As a rule, the Nonconformist clergy possess, in an eminent degree, this invaluable art; and if the clergy of the Church of England practised it a little more, religion would lose nothing of its attractiveness. But then we are told the clergy of the Church of England are a highly-educated, honourable, and independent body of gentlemen, who could never be induced to act in a cringing or servile fashion. Who wants them to cringe? We have a considerable acquaintance with the Nonconformist clergy. The majority of them are also highly educated and honourable, and we venture to pronounce them as little capable of servility as the clergy of the Establishment. The independence of tone and frankness of manner, indeed, with which Dissenting ministers occasionally address their congregations would surprise a body of Churchmen. When a Dissenting minister thinks that his hearers have been remiss in their spiritual duties, or that they have displayed a want of liberality in aiding objects which had a fair claim upon their purses, he often uses a tone of reproof and

remonstrance far more direct and explicit than we have heard in our own pulpits.

A curious similarity exists between the economical organization of St. Aidan's College and that established by Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. There is no ground for the conjecture that the one copied from the other, but it happens—and the Church may be proud of the priority—that St. Aidan's was established many years before Mr. Spurgeon acquired his well-earned renown. As a set-off in his favour there is no disputing the fact that the Nonconformist college makes far greater way than the institution at Birkenhead—having at present, we understand, no fewer than 100 students. This superiority of progress arises from no lack of ability or zeal on the part of Dr. Baylee, but is simply owing to the greater liberality of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation. Our Church congregations ought to be no more above copying the liberality of the Metropolitan Tabernacle than the council of St. Aidan's should be above imitating the wisdom of Mr. Spurgeon. When a new chapel is opened in any country district, and one of the students from Mr. Spurgeon's college is appointed as its pastor, it is understood that a yearly contribution from it shall be made by the congregation towards the support of the college in London. Thus every fresh chapel opened is a source of strength to the parent institution; and as in most instances the contributions are in excess of the cost of maintaining and educating a fresh student, the power of the whole body increases in greater proportion than the number of chapels or tabernacles opened. Why should not a similar understanding exist at St. Aidan's College? The list of preferments held by St. Aidan's men shows how great a yearly revenue would accrue to the college if the students made it a point of honour to carry out this arrangement. If contributions to the average amount of only £10 a year were collected from the congregation of each rector, vicar, or incumbent who owes his training and education to Dr. Baylee, how immensely the utility and influence of the college would be increased. Assuming that a congregation feel grateful for the zeal and faithfulness of their pastor, what so reasonable as that they should be willing to contribute towards the maintenance of the unendowed college which instructs such men, to the honour of the Church and the good of souls?

There are many useful off-shoots from St. Aidan's College. One, the Liverpool Working Man's Church Association, deserves to be described and imitated. It was formed to provide additional curates for Liverpool and the neighbourhood, whose weekly labours were to be limited to pastoral visitations, and who were to be engaged on Sundays, as far as possible in forming new congregations among the working classes. One remarkable feature connected with this society was that the funds for the payment of such additional curates were to be raised from the working classes themselves, in subscriptions not exceeding two pence per week. The experiment, although a bold one, appears to have been a perfect success. As early as the third year after its inauguration, the Association had no fewer than two thousand subscribers, some it is true breaking through the fundamental rule and subscribing sixpence per week each instead of twopence, while others, in less easy circumstances, contributed but a penny, and indeed some as low as one halfpenny. From such small beginnings the Association gradually worked its way upward until it has not only accomplished the object for which it was organized, but has been enabled to contribute liberally to the erection of more than one new church.

There is happily a growing body of men in the Church who consider it of inestimable importance to enlist the sympathies and aid of the working man in the internal concerns and administration of a congregation. Many of our Bishops have earnestly desired to see the day when the working classes, won from lukewarmness and infidelity, shall be the most zealous helpers of the clergyman in all good works. The Bishops of London and Llandaff are especially alive to the value of this aid. The former, in his charge in 1856, said:—

"I am inclined to believe that much more might be done towards raising funds for Church purposes by collecting very small weekly or monthly subscriptions from the poorer members of the Church, through the agency of well organized associations."

The success which has attended the operations of the Liverpool Working Man's Church Association confirms the soundness of the views expressed by Dr. Tait. It is true that this success is mainly to be attributed, under the Divine blessing, to the untiring zeal and great personal efforts of the Rev. Dr. Baylee, with whom the association originated. We see no reason, however, for doubting that similar efforts on the part of the clergy of other populous parishes would, with the co-operation of zealous and influential laymen, produce similar results.

THE OPEN CHURCH MOVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I have no doubt that all the friends of the "National Association for Promoting the Freedom of Public Worship" will be much obliged to you for having devoted two articles to the advocacy of their principles. But, as in your last article upon the subject, you—

1. Take for granted that our movement will end in the universal abolition of Church-rates;
 2. Take for granted that the "endowments" of the English Church are "State endowments";
 3. Affirm that a considerable number of us have come to devoutly wish that these endowments should be abolished; and,
 4. Give Dissenters the credit of originating the offertory system;
- May I be permitted to say, with reference to the first point, that we believe the result of the success of our movement would be the gradual restoration of Church-rates where they have been lost. We believe that when the people come to find out, from practical experience, that the National Church is the church of the people, and not the church of a minority merely, those who have for some time refused to pay Church-rates will gladly begin to pay them again for the support of fabrics upon which they have at last begun to look as their own.

With reference to the second point, let me say the English Church's endowments are not "State endowments." The State has done little else than rob the Church. Our endowments were originally the "voluntary offerings" of the pious sons of the English Church in former days. The Million Act, for instance, did no more than give back a few drops of the sea of robbery perpetrated by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

With reference to the third point, let me say that I have been the secretary of the Sheffield Association for some considerable time, and also a member of the General Committee; and I have never met with one single advocate of our views who would dream of wishing for the abolition of tithes and endowments. We desire that the offertory should be resorted to instead of pew-rents in any case where an endowment does not exist, and should still be employed where there are endowments, as the best channel through which the alms of the faithful may be given to the various objects, at home and abroad, which need our aid.

With reference to the fourth point, let me remind you that before Nonconformists thought of adopting weekly offerings, the rubric commanding the use of the weekly offertory (in accordance with 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2, and other passages) was in the English Prayer-book in accordance with the immemorial practice of the Church of Christ, although this pious practice, along with many others, had been neglected in lax and almost infidel days. Upon a revival of greater spirituality in the Church, this, along with many other pious practices, has been revived.

Your faithful servant,

RICHARD W. ENRAGHT,
The newly-appointed travelling Secretary of the
"National Association, &c."

Sheffield, October 23, 1865.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE undiminished attraction of Meyerbeer's posthumous opera, "L'Africaine," as evidenced by the crowds drawn to its performance at the opening of the Royal English Opera on Saturday last, must be attributed rather to the curiosity of the many who have not yet heard the final work of the great composer than to any permanent hold that the opera has taken on the public favour. The minute processes of polishing and retouching, amounting frequently to almost entire change, which Meyerbeer's operas invariably underwent at his hands during the prolonged rehearsals on which he insisted, rendered the finished work, as presented to the public, totally different from its early, crude condition. Possibly, therefore, "L'Africaine," had its composer lived to superintend its production, would have become more worthy than it now is to be associated with his other works, from which, it cannot be denied, it now stands completely apart in its strongly-marked inferiority. It is indeed to be regretted that the career of the composer of "Robert," the "Huguenots," the "Prophète," and "Dinorah," should close with such an anti-climax of laboured dullness as that presented by "L'Africaine." Meyerbeer's reputation, however, founded on his previous excellent works, is too firmly and justly established to suffer from this *quasi* failure; for such it is in art, notwithstanding the large amount of public excitement naturally and inevitably attaching to the last work of so eminent a man. Further hearing of the music entirely confirms the impressions recorded by us on its production at the Royal Italian Opera in July last; and it therefore only remains to speak of its adaptation to the English Opera stage, the text for which purpose has been translated and paraphrased by Mr. Charles Kenney, whose task on this occasion has been, although of a different kind, at least as arduous as that which he so happily surmounted in his rendering of "Le Médecin malgré lui" ("The Mock Doctor"). Difficult as it was to transfer the humour of Molière's prose into English blank verse while preserving its association with Gounod's music, it was quite as difficult to give any semblance of sense to the crude, stilted, commonplace melodrama which Scribe prepared for Meyerbeer's music—the acceptance of which by the composer, usually so circumspect in the choice of his opera-books, must remain an

unintelligible problem. Mr. Kenney's difficult and thankless undertaking has been quite as well executed as could be expected where the task was to turn the twelve-syllable lines of the original French rhymed verse into ten-syllable lines of English blank verse, still adhering to the musical alliance. A few rough places and rugged words are unavoidable, and may fairly be overlooked in the general merit of the translation, the plan of which Mr. Kenney explains and justifies in a brief prefatory note. The music on this occasion is given much more nearly as it is in Paris than was the case with the version prepared for the Royal Italian Opera, where, besides the omission of entire pieces, the movements which were retained mostly underwent copious retrenchment. Such tamperings with the work of a great man are indefensible in principle, although in the case of "L'Africaine" the injury was not so serious as it would have been in an opera less deficient in coherent and continuous thought. A fairer opportunity is now afforded for judging of the merits of the work, which will doubtless prove an attraction for at least one or two seasons, but must ultimately share the fate of Meyerbeer's earliest and now forgotten operas. Among the most important restorations in the music are portions of the close of the first act; passages at the commencement of the second act leading to the "Slumber song" of Selika; part of the previously mutilated septet in the same act, and the hitherto unaccountably omitted chorus for female voices at the beginning of the third act, "With rapid keel," one of the few instances of fresh and natural melody in the opera. This, with Nelusko's "Adamastor song," Selika's "Slumber song," the ingenious instrumental effects in the accompaniments of Vasco's air, "Hail, enchanted plains," and the celebrated orchestral sixteen bars of unison in the last act, besides other incidental passages, are sufficient to attest the hand of the master, although scarcely to compensate for the intermediate dullness by which the five acts are spun out. The performance at the Royal English Opera evinces long and careful study on the part of all concerned. Miss Louisa Pyne, as Selika, the captive queen, sang with refinement, although wanting in power, both of voice and style, for a part so largely requiring declamatory force and heroic bearing. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, as Ines, was in every way satisfactory—her pathos was earnest without being exaggerated, and the pure quality of her voice and finished execution rendered her performance worthy of any opera stage. Mr. Alberto Laurence, as Nelusko, exhibits a marked improvement, although there is room for further cultivation of a voice still retaining some of its original hardness. Mr. Charles Adams, as Vasco, sang correctly and intelligently, but with scarcely the same effect that he produced last season in "Masaniello." In the part of the high-priest Mr. Patey's capital bass voice was well employed, other subordinate parts being filled by Messrs. H. Corri, Lyall, Dussek, and Cook. The band under Mr. Mellon was, as usual, one of the most important features in the performance—the chorus being fairly efficient, with a slight tendency on the part of the sopranos to sing flat. The stage appointments, scenery and effects are identical with those of the Royal Italian Opera—which is to say that they are of the excellence peculiar to this theatre.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Monday for a short series of operas in Italian; Gounod's "Faust" being given much as it was during the regular season. To-night "Freischütz" is to be produced with a powerful cast.

The little opera of "Castle Grim" at the New Royalty Theatre has been replaced by a work of similar calibre, "Felix, or the Festival of Roses," the libretto by Mr. Oxenford, the music by M. Lutz. A lively little piece of French plot and counterplot in affairs of love is made the vehicle of some light and pleasant music, among the best portions of which may be specified two expressive ballads, "How long have I sighed for my lover," sung by Miss Fanny Reeves; "Lovely, lovely peasant maiden," by Mr. Elliot Galer; and a sparkling trio, full of animation, "Wonderful, wonderful." The music is published by Messrs. Metzler, of Great Marlborough-street.

The Vocal Association, remodelled and reorganized under the title of "Mr. Benedict's Choral Society," is to resume its public concerts on November 8. It is to be hoped that this change will tend to elevate the purpose and improve the performances of the Association.

Mr. Pauer has announced three of his interesting historical performances of pianoforte music for Nov. 25, and Dec. 2 and 9.

The deaths of Madame Caradori-Allan and Signor Giuglini have to be added to our musical obituary of last week. The first-named artist, born at Milan in 1800, was of Alsatian parentage—her father, Colonel de Munck, having been in the French army. After various engagements abroad, Mlle. de Munck appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1822, when she assumed the name of Caradori—a name derived from her mother's family. After some years of theatrical singing, Madame Caradori, who afterwards added the name of Allan in right of her marriage, limited herself to performances at concerts and oratorios, in which her pure and refined style and versatile powers rendered her most valuable. Signor Giuglini, born in the Roman States in 1826, was engaged by Mr. Lumley in 1857, since which time he gradually gained in public estimation, until he was admitted to stand next to Signor Mario among Italian tenors. Giuglini's voice was of exceptionally beautiful quality, rich and sonorous in volume, while liquid and pure in production—his vocalization excelling in the flowing and cantabile style. During the last few seasons of his appearance he had gained much of that energy and declamatory power which had

alone been wanting to place him in the very first rank of dramatic singers. His death at so early an age is sad, but not so sad as would have been his prolonged life in the state of hopeless mental derangement which he had fallen into.

The Earl of Dudley having failed in his recent endeavour to put down the musical festival which is due at Worcester next year, it is arranged to take place in accordance with the custom which has so long prevailed of the annual meetings of the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester.

SCIENCE.

THE subject of deglutition, or swallowing, upon which we some time since reported the investigations of M. Krishaber, has engaged the attention of our English physiologists. Dr. G. O. Gibb, who has made some recent inquiries into the manner in which food is swallowed, differs considerably in the conclusions he has formed, from the opinions lately broached to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Guinier. He maintains that the act of swallowing food cannot be demonstrated by means of a mirror placed at the back of the mouth, and that the introduction of the food into the larynx behind the epiglottis shows the tolerance of the larynx under certain circumstances, but does not prove that this cartilage remains erect during deglutition. This tolerance has been fully proved by M. Krishaber, who with his finger passed chewed bread into the larynx behind the epiglottis, and caused it to be drawn by an inspiration into the windpipe, where it was permitted to remain so long as the bolus was soft and warm. In proof of his views, Dr. Gibb refers to cases of loss of the epiglottis, in which the food does certainly not pass over the vocal cords; and to the phenomena of ordinary deglutition as seen by the laryngoscope.

At a late meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Major Risely described a combustible mud which exists in large tracts, especially in the Pertabghur district in Oudh, where there is a swamp of it, which has the appearance of ashes, but the material of which smoulders like wood. When dried, the mud blazes freely. It has been tried by a locomotive-fireman and found to produce very nearly as much steam as wood does. The Calcutta analyzers call it an impure peat, resulting from the continual deposition of vegetable matter at the bottom of a marsh. It seems remarkable that the natives, though well aware of its properties, make no use of it; their reason being that it owes its origin to "enormous sacrifices of ghee and grain" which former races burnt upon the spot where the marsh now stands.

Professor F. Römer describes, in a recent paper, a fossil spider which was found in a piece of shale from the coal measures of Upper Silesia. The specimen is beautifully preserved, and shows not only the four pairs of feet, with all their segments, and the two palpi, but even the coriaceous integument of the body, and the hairs attached to the feet. The interest in the discovery of this fossil lies in the fact that hitherto spiders have not been known from any rocks older than the Jurassic, and that now their existence in the Palaeozoic rocks is satisfactorily proved. From the resemblance to the recent genus *Lycosa*, and its occurrence in the coal measures, the new species has received the name of *Protolycosa anthracophila*.

In the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitschrift*, Dr. Ulex gives an account of some curious investigations which have been recently carried on in the Zoological Gardens of Hamburg. Several of the carnivorous animals having died after feeding upon the same horse, they were supposed to have been poisoned by its flesh. Strychnine, phosphorus, and arsenic, were sought for in vain; but in all the animals copper was found in small quantities. This was the case with the horse which had furnished them with food, and it was concluded that this metal had caused the poisoning. However, upon examining the body of another freshly-slaughtered and healthy horse, copper also was found in it. A chemical inquiry was forthwith set on foot, and this metal was found in the mammalia, from man downwards, and in birds, amphibia, crustacea, insecta, &c. It has already been demonstrated by various chemists that copper is present in many plants; and although the researches of Dr. Ulex have produced different results from those of M. Orfila, the great French toxicologist, they are of much interest, and have a good deal of collateral evidence to support them.

From official reports we learn that Barcelona has suffered severely from cholera. From the 10th of August to the 28th of September, that is, in a period of less than two months, 2,662 persons perished out of a population of 180,000 souls. The rate of deaths during the successive weeks shows a gradual increase up to the fifth week, thus:—

From the 10th of August to	17th there were ...	207 deaths.
" 17th "	24th	245 "
" 24th "	31st	324 "
" 31st "	7th of September	448 "
" 7th of September to	14th	596 "
" 14th "	21st	596 "
" 21st "	28th	328 "

The *Medical Times* states that a ship bearing an egg of the gigantic extinct New Zealand bird, the *Dinornis*, has just arrived in London. The egg is alleged to have been discovered under somewhat singular circumstances. While some labourers were marking out a site to build upon, in the Wairakie district, a pick

struck upon a cave. On opening it it was found to contain the skeleton of a Maori, in a crouching position, holding the egg with both hands, and in such a manner as if death had come upon the unfortunate native whilst he was in the act of eating it. The specimen, though slightly broken, preserves its gigantic proportions, being at least *nine inches long, and seven inches in diameter.*

From the *Annales du Commerce Externe*, we learn that the cultivation of tea in Assam has been eminently successful. At the end of 1864 this province possessed 366 *domaines* and 192 gardens for the growth of tea, the produce of which was estimated at 1,135,700 kilogrammes. There were 36,258 labourers employed in the cultivation and manufacture, and yet more hands were required.

In a memoir just read before the French Academy of Sciences, Herr Kühne reasserts his opinion that the nerves of muscle terminate in peculiar plates or expansions; he denies, however, that these are composed of the true medullary substance. This latter statement lends support to Dr. Beale's views, which maintain that the nerves are often connected with corpuscles, which belong to the connective tissue properly so called.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

AMONGST the relics of the old world, which are utterly unfit for any good purpose in the world of to-day, must be reckoned the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Whatever merits it may have had in its time, it has outlived them, and any services it may have rendered to commercial men in the infancy of speculation are more than obliterated by the infinite mischief of which it is now the daily occasion. For all good purposes it has become useless. If in times past it was able to examine into the merits of new companies, to apply some test to the *bona fides* of their projectors, and to see that they complied with certain salutary rules before they were launched into commercial being with the sanction of the Committee, it is evident that the pace of speculation has far outstripped its vigilance, and that any guarantee it gives or is supposed to give of the soundness of any enterprise is illusory. Who will suppose that the members of this Committee, stock-brokers, and dealers themselves, with business and interests of their own to occupy their time and attention can make any investigation into a tenth part of the new companies seeking public support which shall be in the least reliable? Is it not more probable that, being speculators themselves, they will make use of their powers to promote their own interests or that of their friends? Their position is one calculated to lay them open to suspicion; and it may be in part owing to this that there is such wide-spread and deep dissatisfaction with their decisions.

Nor can this be wondered at. The Committee are said to be capricious in their mode of granting settlements to new undertakings. The imputation is perfectly correct. In more than one instance companies have been refused a settlement on the ground that there was a discrepancy between the Prospectus and the Articles of Association, though, in truth, there was no such discrepancy. In more than one instance companies have been allowed a settlement which have very shortly afterwards come to grief, and could not in the nature of things have come to anything else. Take, for instance, the recent case of Smith, Knight, & Co. (Limited). This undertaking obtained a settlement and a quotation on the daily List for its shares, which for some time stood at 3 to 4 premium. Almost any competent civil engineer or contractor could, at the time of its formation, have foretold failure. Yet this company received the fiat of the Committee, which, by its approval of the enterprise induced many persons to embark in it who certainly would not have done so had they been properly advised. Here, then, are two samples of the way in which the Committee exercises its powers. It has done those things which it ought not to have done, and has left undone those which it ought to have done. It has given settlements to companies which did not deserve them, and has withheld them from companies which did. We should be sorry to impute to the members of the Committee an improper use of their powers; but if, by the very nature of those powers, they are liable to be suspected of unfairness, that is not a position which they ought any longer to hold. It is believed that in instances in which settlements have been refused, members of the Stock Exchange had made extensive bargains in the shares of the companies before a settlement was applied for, and that if one had been granted they would have sustained serious loss. The settlement

would have bound them to fulfil their bargains which, on the contrary, ceased to be obligatory the moment a settlement was refused. The Committee holds in its hands the power of binding and loosing; of making bargains obligatory or of annulling them. It ought not to be possible for any one even to suspect that the Committee exercises that power upon the principle that where it can enrich the members of the Stock Exchange by riveting their bonds it rivets them, and that where it can save them from loss by the opposite course it sets them free.

So unsatisfactory a state of things cannot be suffered to go on. It is intolerable that, at a time when there is so much enterprise, it should be in the power of any body of men to refuse a settlement to new companies for capricious reasons; nor is it for the public benefit that a guarantee of the good faith and soundness of a company, even though it is only an apparent guarantee, should be given by such a body as the Committee of the Stock Exchange. The Committee may properly insist that no company shall be allowed a settlement and receive the benefit of quotation on its lists, which has not complied with certain regulations, of a fixed, clear, and distinct character, about the compliance or non-compliance with which there can be no doubt or cavil—leaving the public to take care of themselves. But anything like the discretionary power it now claims and exercises is inconvenient and impolitic, and certainly most unsatisfactory to the public.

No change has been made in the Bank rate of discount.

The following notice has been posted in the Stock Exchange:—"The committee have resolved that the settlement in Turkish Consolidated be fixed for Friday, November 10, in order to enable buyers to send in their bonds for conversion. In all transactions in Turkish Consolidated subsequent to November 10 it must be specified whether the bargains are to be settled in unconverted bonds or in bonds stamped for conversion."

The Great Northern Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £2,588 over last year; the Great Western an increase of £1,299; the Midland an increase of £686; the Great Eastern an increase of £395; the London and North Western an increase of £5,208; and the London and South Western a decrease of £635.

The eleventh dividend, being 5 per cent., for the year ending the 1st Sept. last, is announced as payable on Norwegian Trunk Railway preference shares on the 2nd Nov.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Hammersmith and City Railway Company is called for the 8th November, to sanction the creation of the additional capital of £100,000, authorised by the company's Act of last session.

The receipts of the Great Western Railway of Canada for the week ending the 13th inst. were £18,766, showing the large increase of £6,581 over the corresponding week of last year.

It is notified that the Consolidated Bank will pay the coupons, due the 15th of November, on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway certificates of debenture.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividend due the 1st November on Quebec City Sterling Six per Cent. Bonds.

SHOCKING MURDERS ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP "HARRIET."—Advices received from Madras furnish the particulars of the perpetration of horrible murders on board the British ship *Harriet*, 343 tons burden, which took place on Sunday, the 3rd of last month, and resulted in the death of the master (Captain Goularte) and a seaman, and in serious injury to two others of the crew. The ship was manned by a crew of Malay and Chinese seamen, only the captain and mate being Europeans. About half-past nine in the morning Captain Goularte ordered his men to get up an anchor which had been broken and lost. The serang, named Raboo, called the men together and repeated the captain's orders. All obeyed but a seaman named Pailey. The captain was near the hatchway, and called out twice to Pailey, but the latter still refused. It appears that the captain then gave the man a slight push, with a view of sending him towards his work, when Pailey immediately drew his knife, turned round, and stabbed the captain five or six times in rapid succession in the bowels, chest, back, and neck. The chief mate endeavoured to render the captain assistance, but was attacked in the same savage manner, received a stab in the arm, and only saved himself by taking to the fore rigging. The murderer then attacked the tindal, who is stated to have been his brother-in-law, and has confessed that he cut this man's throat, and then threw him overboard. Not satisfied with this, the blood-thirsty ruffian then began to climb the rigging in order to get at the mate once more, but the latter avoided him by jumping into the water and swimming towards the *Barham*, whose boat was at once pushed off to his rescue. Captain Way, of this ship, accompanied by his third mate and boatswain, went on board the *Harriet*, where the murderer confronted them with two knives. After disarming him of one of the knives, Captain Way gallantly closed with him, when a fierce struggle ensued. The captain received a wound in the hip, and another blow was aimed at his heart, and was so near to the mark that it grazed his side. How the struggle might have ended it is impossible to say, but at this moment the boatswain rendered the Malay powerless by knocking him down with a handspike. The police then came on board, the murderer was strongly bound, and conveyed to the Penitentiary, where he awaits his trial.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.*

MR. DICKENS has now been so long before the public, and his name is associated with so many triumphs, some of which were achieved before the present generation of young men and women was born, that he has already obtained the position of a classic, and we judge him by the standard of names consecrated by time. He has exhibited a degree of productiveness rarely seen except in combination with a marked and melancholy falling off from the freshness and power of early manhood. The collected editions of his works now spread over many volumes; the characters he has invented would almost people a town; and we might well excuse an author who has done so much, if we found in him some slackening of the creative force which has been at work for such a length of time. But Mr. Dickens stands in need of no allowance on the score of having out-written himself. His fancy, his pathos, his humour, his wonderful powers of observation, his picturesqueness, and his versatility, are as remarkable now as they were twenty years ago. In some respects, they are seen to still greater advantage. The energy of youth yet remains, but it is united with the deeper insight of maturer years. Not that we mean to say Mr. Dickens has outgrown his faults. They are as obvious as ever—sometimes even trying our patience rather hard. A certain extravagance in particular scenes and persons—a tendency to caricature and grotesqueness—and a something here and there which savours of the melodramatic, as if the author had been considering how the thing would “tell” on the stage—are to be found in “Our Mutual Friend,” as in all this great novelist’s productions. But when a writer of genius has fully settled his style, and maintained it through a course of many years—when his mind has passed beyond the period of pliability and growth, and can only deepen without essentially changing—it is the merest vanity on the part of a critic to dwell at any great length on general faults of manner. There they are, and there they will remain, say what we will. The tender rind wherein they were cut in youth has become hard bark long since, and the incisions are fixed for ever. To rail at them is simple waste of time, besides implying a great deal of ingratitude on the part of the railer. We shall therefore make but brief allusion here to the characters of Wegg and Venus, who appear to us in the highest degree unnatural—the one being a mere phantasm, and the other a nonentity—and shall pass on to a consideration of the more solid parts of the book, in which Mr. Dickens’s old mastery over human nature is once more made splendidly apparent.

As in its author’s previous fictions, we are almost oppressed by the fulness of life which pervades the pages of this novel. Mr. Dickens has one of the most mysterious attributes of genius—the power of creating characters which have, so to speak, an overplus of vitality, passing beyond the limits of the tale, and making itself felt like an actual, external fact. In the stories of inferior writers the characters seem to possess just sufficient personality and presence to carry on the purpose of the narrative; one never thinks of them as enjoying any existence at all outside the little tissue of events that has been woven for them. They are ghosts whom the author has evoked out of night and vacuity to perform certain definite offices within the charmed circle of the fiction to which they are attached; and when we step out of that circle at the conclusion of the ceremonies, they vanish again into nothingness, and we think no more of them. Such is not the case with the conceptions of larger geniuses. These do not seem to belong wholly to the one set of events with which they are associated, any more than the men and women we actually know present themselves to our thoughts as the puppets of a definite train of circumstances. The creations of authors such as Mr. Dickens have a life of their own. We perceive them to be full of potential capacities—of undeveloped action. They have the substance and the freedom of actual existences; we think of what they would do under other conditions; they are possessed of a principle of growth. Certainly, the most amazing manifestation of this amazing gift is that which is to be found in the plays of Shakespeare; but all men of genius have it in a greater or less degree, and that strange and even awful power is, perhaps, the surest test for distinguishing between genius and talent. That Mr. Dickens possesses it to a remarkable extent, we believe few will be found to dispute. The chief characters even of his earlier books dwell in the mind with extraordinary tenacity, sometimes quite apart from the plot wherein they figure, which may be utterly forgotten; and no writer of our time has furnished contemporary literature and conversation with so many illustrative allusions. This imaginative fecundity is seen in “Our Mutual Friend” in undiminished strength. The book teems with characters, and throbs with action; but it may perhaps be objected that there is a want of some one conspicuous figure, dominating over the rest, and affording a fixed centre to all this moving wealth of life. John Rokesmith must, we suppose, be regarded as the hero; but he is certainly not the chief character, nor the most interesting. Though in many respects well-drawn, he does not greatly enlist our sympathies—perhaps because his motives of action are strange and improbable. Indeed, the whole story of old Harmon’s bequest, and what arises out of it, strikes us as being faulty. This, we are aware, is to proclaim a serious defect in the novel, as such, since we have here the basis of the whole fiction. But Mr. Dickens’s collateral conceptions are often

better than his main purpose. We must confess that in reading “Our Mutual Friend” from month to month, we cared very little as to what became of old Harmon’s property, excepting in as far as the ultimate disposal of that sordid aggregation of wealth affected the development of two or three of the chief characters. The final explanation is a disappointment. The whole plot in which the deceased Harmon, Boffin, Wegg, and John Rokesmith, are concerned, is wild and fantastic, wanting in reality, and leading to a degree of confusion which is not compensated by any additional interest in the story. Mr. Dickens seems to be aware that his tale is liable to this objection, for in the very interesting “Postscript, in Lieu of Preface,” which he has appended to the second volume, he says:—“There is sometimes an odd disposition in this country to dispute as improbable in fiction what are the commonest experiences in fact. Therefore I note here, though it may not be at all necessary, that there are hundreds of Will Cases (as they are called) far more remarkable than that fancied in this book; and that the stores of the Prerogative Office teem with instances of testators who have made, changed, contradicted, hidden, forgotten, left cancelled, and left uncanceled, each many more wills than were ever made by the elder Mr. Harmon of Harmony Jail.” We do not for a moment doubt that this is the fact, and it is not to the terms of Mr. Harmon’s will that we object, but to the circumstances flowing from that source. That the son, John Harmon, known through the greater part of the book as John Rokesmith, should come back to England under the circumstances related, should disappear as related, should live for months at the house of his childhood’s friends, the Boffins, without being discovered, and should then be suddenly found out without any sufficient explanation; that Mr. Boffin should get entangled with a man like Wegg; that, granting the entanglement, Wegg, with all his cunning, should make his calculations with such transparent stupidity—taking no account of the Dutch bottle which he has seen dug up by Boffin from the dust-heap, and which contains, as the reader all along foresees, the later will which nullifies the will relied on by Wegg for forcing Boffin to give up half his property; that the coarse and insolent treatment of Rokesmith by Boffin, and the growing miserliness of the latter, maintained at all times, and before all people, should be a mere trick, concocted between the two, to turn the regards of proud little Bella Wilfer towards John, and to cure the young lady of her sordid aspirations; and that all this, when the right moment arrives, should be verbally set forth, as in those explanations which we find at the end of plays, when the characters range themselves before the footlights, make their confessions, and unravel the imbroglio; these are features in Mr. Dickens’s story which we cannot but regard as in the highest degree improbable, and as detracting from the merit of the book as a whole. The explanation, given towards the close, of the miserly ways and speeches of Mr. Boffin, is particularly unsatisfactory, for it has the effect of making what would otherwise have been a very masterly development of character comparatively poor, forced, and artificial. Mr. Boffin is introduced to the reader as a man of a fine, open, genial, though rough and uncultivated, nature; but, under the influence of the wealth he inherits from old Harmon, in consequence of the strange will made by the deceased dust-contractor, he (apparently) becomes hard, miserly, suspicious, and insolent. Assuming this to be a real change, as the reader is led to suppose up to the last chapter but four, nothing can be more natural; and the gradual narrowing of the cheerful, pleasant character of Mr. Boffin, the stealthy creeping of that sordid shadow over heart, and mind, and character, is subtly represented. But when we are told that the whole is a piece of acting, the conception takes a far lower standing artistically, though Mr. Boffin himself takes a higher standing morally. We should be strongly inclined to believe that Mr. Dickens altered his design in the course of publication, were it not for a passage in the Postscript in which, if we rightly understand it, allusion is made to this very part of the story. We there read:—

“To keep for a long time unsuspected, yet always working itself out, another purpose” [he has just been mentioning the mystery connected with John Rokesmith’s double personality], “originating in that leading incident, and turning it to a pleasant and useful account at last, was at once the most interesting and the most difficult part of my design. Its difficulty was much enhanced by the mode of publication; for it would be very unreasonable to expect that many readers, pursuing a story in portions from month to month through nineteen months, will, until they have it before them complete, perceive the relations of its finer threads to the whole pattern which is always before the eyes of the story-weaver at his loom. Yet, that I hold the advantages of the mode of publication to outweigh its disadvantages, may be easily believed of one who revived it in the ‘Pickwick Papers’ after long disuse, and has pursued it ever since.”

If the foregoing passage be really, as we suppose, a reference to the surprise prepared for the reader in connection with Mr. Boffin’s miserly manners, it is of course conclusive as to there having been no divergence from the author’s original intention. Yet this only renders the whole conduct of the business more violent and arbitrary. Mr. Boffin is described in several places as changing in his whole nature, and as even altering in his face, which becomes lined and puckered with the carking thoughts that possess his soul, and which is constantly assuming a cunning look on trivial occasions, when his pocket seems to be touched. His very wife, though concerned in the plot, exhibits grief and surprise at what we are afterwards told she all along knows to be a generous device. Bella has observed this, and, when the explanation is made, she not unnaturally refers to it. Mr. Boffin replies:—“It was a weakness in the old lady;”

* Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

and yet, to tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I'm rather proud of it. My dear, the old lady thinks so high of me that she couldn't abear to see and hear me coming out a reg'lar brown one" (Mr. Boffin's designation for a bear). "Couldn't abear to make believe as I meant it! In consequence of which, we was everlastingly in danger with her." We venture to think that most readers will feel that the story loses in verisimilitude and interest by such a mode of winding it up.

The termination of Mr. Dickens's novels is often hurried, and such is the case in the present instance. The complication of events does not work itself clear by a slow and natural process, but is, so to speak, roughly torn open. And, even before we are half through the book, the mystery concerning John Rokesmith is explained in an equally objectionable manner. Young Rokesmith, or Harmon, tells himself his own previous history, in a sort of mental soliloquy (in which a long series of events is minutely narrated), evidently for no other purpose than to inform the reader. It is surprising that so experienced a romance-writer as Mr. Dickens could not have devised some more artful means of revealing that portion of his design. Yet, notwithstanding these defects (which we have pointed out with the greater freedom, because such a writer demands the utmost candour from his critic), the story of "Our Mutual Friend" is interesting for its own sake, even apart from its treatment; which, we need not say, is that of a master, if we except those points already objected to. We repeat what we said at the commencement—that, in conception and evolution of character, and in power of writing, this latest work of the pen that has so often delighted and astonished us shows not the slightest symptom of exhaustion or decline. Perhaps the most admirable of the *dramatis personæ*, considered on artistic grounds, are Eugene Wrayburn, Lizzie Hexam, Bradley Headstone, and Bella Wilfer. The first of these characters is a consummate representation of a nature, originally noble, degenerating, under the effects of a bad education and of subsequent idleness, into a laughing indifference to all things worthy—into a gay and sportive disbelief in itself, in manhood, in womanhood, and in the world. From first to last, the conception is wonderfully developed, and the change that is afterwards wrought in Eugene's disposition is worked out without the smallest violence. In strong contrast with the good-natured levity of Wrayburn is the stern, self-contained, narrow, yet (within its contracted and mechanical limits) earnest, nature of Bradley Headstone, the self-educated schoolmaster. Lizzie Hexam is the cause of bringing these two men into dangerous contact. She is the daughter of a man who drags the river for anything he can get—dead bodies among the rest—and who is sometimes suspected of having more to do with the dead bodies than he would like to confess. The girl, however, is a fine sensitive being, handsome, and of a deep, tender nature; and when Eugene Wrayburn sees her after the death of her father on the river, he takes an interest in her fate, and has her educated. His interest deepens into love, yet he cannot bring himself to make an honest offer of marriage to one who comes of such humble and even questionable parentage. Bradley Headstone also is in love with Lizzie; and the way in which his impassive, artificially-restrained nature breaks up into raging fury under the combined influences of hopeless love, jealousy, and some pungent taunts which Wrayburn gaily flings at him, is exhibited by Mr. Dickens with marvellous power and truthfulness. The transformation of this pattern of all the decencies into a dark, haggard, self-tormenting evil genius, perpetually dogging the steps of Eugene Wrayburn, and at length making a murderous attack on him in a lonely place up the river, is one of the finest things in fiction. Bradley Headstone is a psychological study of the deepest interest, and, we are persuaded, of the profoundest truth. Natures like his, originally cold, and still further repressed by the routine of a dry and formal education, are no doubt especially liable to outbreaks of ungovernable passion when some great emotion at length sweeps away the old habits of self-control. Mr. Dickens has traced this with a singularly close and analytical eye, and nothing can be more tragic and impressive than the culmination of Bradley Headstone's wrath in the attempted murder of Eugene. All the preparations for that act, and all the accessories in the way of scenery and atmospherical conditions, are managed in Mr. Dickens's highest style; and the mental state of a man about to commit the greatest of crimes has seldom been depicted with such elaboration and apparent truthfulness. We are prepared to hear from a certain class of critics who can tolerate nothing beyond the civilities of everyday life, and who seem to think that great passions are among those vulgar mistakes of nature to which novelists should be superior, that this character is "sensational;" but the genius that could conceive it has nothing to fear from such objectors. Very touching and beautiful is the character of Lizzie Hexam; but probably the greatest favourite in the book will be—or rather is already—Bella Wilfer. She is evidently a pet of the author's, and she will long remain the darling of half the households of England and America. Perverse, petulant, wilful, wrong-headed, not a little inclined at first to be selfish and money-loving, she is yet a bewitching little creature, and it is no surprise to find that in the end all the good in her impulsive nature bursts into efflorescence beneath the sunshine of a happy love. Of the less important characters of the book it is impossible to speak, they are so numerous; but reference should be made to the pathetic sketch of Betty Higden and little Johnny, her great-grandchild. That the poor old creature's proud defiance of workhouse charity is true to a large number of our English lower class, is but too certain from cases with which

we are all familiar; and the sketch is more especially interesting as having drawn from Mr. Dickens, in the final words from which we have already quoted, a declaration of his views on the present administration of the Poor Laws:—

"In my social experiences since Mrs. Betty Higden came upon the scene and left it, I have found Circumlocutional champions disposed to be warm with me on the subject of my view of the Poor Law. My friend Mr. Bounderby could never see any difference between leaving the Coketown 'hands' exactly as they were, and requiring them to be fed with turtle soup and venison out of gold spoons. Idiotic propositions of a parallel nature have been freely offered for my acceptance, and I have been called upon to admit that I would give Poor Law relief to anybody, anywhere, anyhow. Putting this nonsense aside, I have observed a suspicious tendency in the champions to divide into two parties; the one contending that there are no deserving poor who prefer death by slow starvation and bitter weather to the mercies of some relieving officers and some Union houses; the other, admitting that there are such poor, but denying that they have any cause or reason for what they do. The records in our newspapers, the late exposure by the *Lancet*, and the common sense and senses of common people, furnish too abundant evidence against both defences. But, that my view of the Poor Law may not be mistaken or misrepresented, I will state it. I believe there has been in England, since the days of the Stuarts, no law so often infamously administered, no law so often openly violated, no law habitually so ill-supervised. In the majority of the shameful cases of disease and death from destitution that shock the public and disgrace the country, the illegality is quite equal to the inhumanity—and known language could say no more of their lawlessness."

We must also instance among the creations of this book the little deformed dolls' dressmaker (fantastic and semi-poetical, yet with a deep instinct of truth); her drunken father—a sketch in which tragedy and comedy are mingled in a way wherein Mr. Dickens is quite unrivalled; Bella's father, a beautiful specimen of a truly loveable nature; the Podsnaps and Veneerings, and the crew of rascallions and adventurers, male and female, by whom they are surrounded—portraits admirable for the social satire they embody; Rogue Riderhood, and some of the other hangers-on about the river. We might almost mention the river itself as a character. It plays a most important part in the story, and always with great picturesqueness.

We cannot refrain, ere we conclude, from referring once more to the Postscript, for the sake of its allusion to an event in which at the time we were all deeply interested:—

"On Friday, the 9th of June in the present year, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammle at breakfast) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in a terribly destructive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriage—nearly turned over a viaduct, and caught a-slant upon the turn—to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book:—THE END."

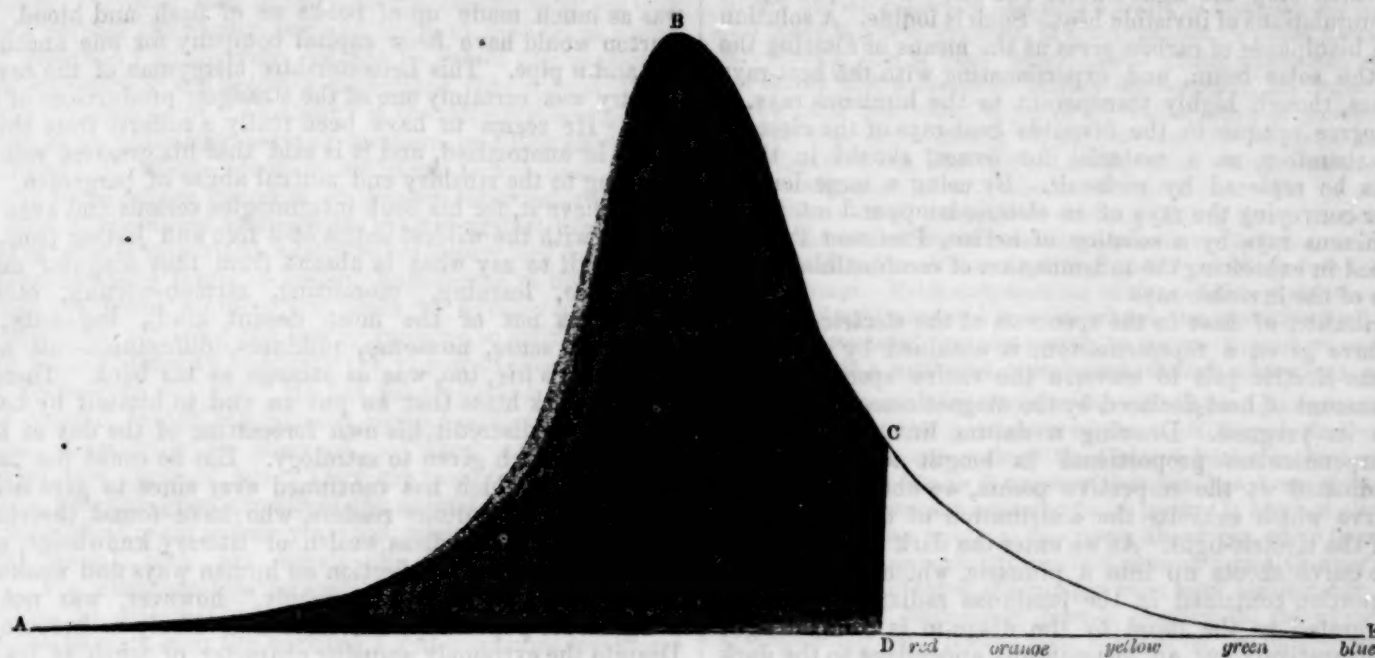
In that "devout thankfulness" the whole English-speaking race will share. We cannot afford to lose such a writer as Mr. Dickens. A man of original, creative genius dying in the fulness of his strength, leaves a gap which nothing can fill, and a regret which the memory of his past triumphs only deepens and embitters.

ON RADIATION.*

WHAT is a Sunbeam? To answer this question as fully and completely as modern science now enables us, involves an acquaintance with no insignificant portion of natural philosophy, whilst the nature of the facts to be studied may be said to afford by analogy a key to the knowledge of a very wide range of the phenomena of the universe. Believing the subject only requires to be made plain and intelligible to be generally interesting, we have introduced in our notice an explanatory diagram, kindly lent to us by the publishers of Mr. Tyndall's work, which, appealing to the eye, imparts a clearer, more vivid, and more durable idea of the relative distribution of heat in the spectrum than can possibly be conveyed by the statement in words of certain irregular numerical proportions.

Between the inner man and the outer world stand the nerves of the human body which translate the impressions of that world into the facts of consciousness. Each nerve responds alone to the particular phenomena for which it is specially organized. Thus, we do not hear with the eye, nor see with the ear, nor smell with the tongue; neither can we attain any further perception of Nature's clothing or motions than that embraced in the very limited categories imposed upon us by the organization of our senses. We can no more transcend the reports furnished to our consciousness by these external watchmen than a man imprisoned in a stone building can contemplate the aspect of the surrounding country in any other direction than that in which its windows look out.

* On Radiation. The "Rede" Lecture, delivered in the Senate House, before the University of Cambridge, on Tuesday, May 16, 1865. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, and in the Royal School of Mines. London: Longmans & Co.



Spectrum of Electric Light.

Sir Isaac Newton was the first who by means of a prism unravelled the texture of solar light; but the chief pioneer in this domain of science was Sir William Herschel. Exposing thermometers to the successive colours of the solar spectrum, he determined their heating power, and found it to augment from the violet or most refracted end, to the red or least refracted. Pushing his thermometers into the dark space beyond the red, he found the heat greater than in any part of the coloured spectrum. Thus Sir William Herschel showed—and his results have been verified by various philosophers since—that, in addition to its luminous rays, the sun emits a multitude of non-luminous, of greater heating power, which, though playing no part in the phenomena of vision, possess a distinct refrangibility of their own, which renders them capable, like the luminous rays, of being separated by the prism. It is not, however, alone at the less refrangible end of the solar spectrum that the range of the sun's radiation is not limited by the extent of visibility, or, in other words, by the appearance of light or coloured rays. The same circumstance was discovered by Ritter to take place at the more refrangible end, where, beyond the violet, there exist a class of rays feeble in heating power, but potent to work chemical change. The characteristics of these ultra-violet rays have recently been made the subject of some most interesting researches by Professor Stokes. A sunbeam, when dissected by a prism, comprises these three distinct parts:—First, colourless rays of low refrangibility, but high heating power, beyond the red. Second, luminous rays which display the following succession of colours: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. Third, colourless rays of high refrangibility, but feeble heating power, beyond the violet, endowed with a chemical energy which renders them of vital importance to the organic world.

"Heat," says Locke, "is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object which produce in us that sensation from which we denominate the object hot; so what in our sensation is *heat* in the object is nothing but *motion*." All modern researches have tended to confirm the soundness of this extraordinary prevision of Locke's.

There is no body in nature absolutely cold, and every body not absolutely cold, radiates or emits rays of heat. But what is a ray of heat? What is the medium by which the vibrations of a heated body are transferred as heat through space? The answer to this query involves, perhaps, the most important physical conception to which the human mind has yet attained, viz., the conception of an ocean of ether, boundless as the universe itself—a medium filling space, and fitted mechanically for the transmission of calorific, luminiferous, and actinic vibrations, in the same way as the air is fitted for the transmission of the vibrations which constitute sound. Thus the sensations of heat and light become reduced to the communication of motion. Up to this point we deal with pure mechanics, but the subsequent translation of the shock of the etherial waves into consciousness eludes the analysis of science. We know that the vibrating atoms of the heated body generate undulations in the surrounding ether, which alternately insinge upon the nervous filaments, and give rise to an impression which is transmitted with measurable and not very great velocity to the brain; but by what subtle alchemy the tremor of nervous matter is converted into the conscious impressions of light or heat, is beyond our ken and past our conception; and our helplessness once more reminds us that we have here reached the borders of that Styx, without a Charon, which hitherto has always separated vital from physical phenomena.

All the phenomena of heat and cold are thus reducible to interchange of motion. Radiation is the communication of vibratory motion to the ether; absorption the transfer of motion from the ether; for the waves of ether may so strike against the molecules of a body exposed to their action as to yield up their motion to the latter. Radiation is constantly going on in all directions. When

the balance of this exchange of motion is against a body, it is growing colder; when in its favour, it is becoming warmer.

If a current of electricity, of gradually-increasing strength, be passed through a platinum wire, its heat augments for a time, still, however, remaining obscure; at a certain definite temperature it emits a feeble red light. As the strength of the current increases, so does the brilliancy of the light, until it finally becomes of a dazzling white. The light which it now emits is similar to that of the sun. Dr. Draper has shown by prismatic analysis that when the platinum wire first begins to glow, the light emitted is a pure red. As the glow augments, the red becomes more brilliant, but at the same time orange rays are added to the emission. Augmenting the temperature still further, yellow rays appear beside the orange, and so, as the temperature increases, green, blue, indigo, and violet rays make their appearance in succession. To display all these colours, the platinum wire must be *white-hot*, the impression of whiteness being in fact the result of the *simultaneous action of all these colours* on the optic nerve. We know that the wire emitted invisible heat-rays before being submitted to the action of the electric current, and that, for some time afterwards, even when it had become too hot to touch, its radiation still continued invisible. Now, the question arises, what becomes of these invisible rays when the luminous ones make their appearance? A ray once emitted persists through every increase of temperature, and hence the radiation from the platinum wire, even when it has reached its maximum brilliancy, consists of a mixture of visible and invisible rays. Not only so, however, but each ray once emitted increases in energy as the temperature of its source is augmented. Thus, the augmentation of the electric current which raises the wire from its original dark condition to an intense white heat, exalts at the same time the energy of the obscure radiation, until at the end it is fully 440 times what it was at the beginning. Every gush of dazzling light has associated with it a gush of invisible radiant heat, which far transcends the light in energy, nine-tenths of the total radiation from the electric-light consisting of non-luminous rays.

Although a sunbeam, or its correlative radiation from the electric-light, notwithstanding its furnishing three classes of rays, viz., invisible-heating, luminous, and actinic, appears to consist simply of waves of ether, varying in the length of their periods, and travelling through space at a speed of 186,000 miles per second, yet the transparency or permeability of different substances to waves occupying, so to speak, a different position in the gamut of etherial vibration, varies greatly. The elementary gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and the mixture, atmospheric air, are as transparent to heat as to light: in fact, they may be said to be practically vacua to the rays of heat. For every ray, or, more strictly speaking, for every unit of wave-motion which they intercept, the equally transparent gases of ammonia, bicarburetted hydrogen, and sulphurous acid, absorb respectively 5,460, 6,030, 6,480 units; the wave-motion thus intercepted communicating an equivalent portion of heat to the absorbing gas, whilst, on the contrary, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and air, are not sensibly raised in temperature by the most powerful calorific rays. In nitrous-oxide we have the same elementary atoms in a state of chemical union that exist uncombined in the atmosphere; but, strange to say, the fact of combination has increased their absorbing power from unity to 1,800. Why should such a much larger proportion of heat-waves strike against and yield up their motion to the gaseous molecules, instead of gliding round or passing between them, in the latter case, than in the former? The fact that a man could pass more easily through a crowd of single individuals than if they were grouped arm in arm in twos and threes, may not be entirely devoid of analogy to the action of the waves and molecules, though alone quite inadequate to explain all the phenomena.

As there are substances ruinous to light, but not to heat, so there

are others which stop the light-waves, but allow a free passage to the slower undulations of invisible heat. Such is iodine. A solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon gives us the means of filtering the light from the solar beam, and experimenting with the heat-rays alone. Glass, though highly transparent to the luminous rays, is in a high degree opaque to the invisible heat-rays of the electric-lamp, and therefore, as a material for lenses, should in these experiments be replaced by rock-salt. By using a large lens of rock-salt for conveying the rays of an electric-lamp, and intercepting the luminous rays by a solution of iodine, Professor Tyndall has succeeded in exhibiting the inflammation of combustible bodies at the focus of the invisible rays.

The distribution of heat in the spectrum of the electric-light, of which we have given a representation, is obtained by causing a linear thermo-electric pile to traverse the entire spectrum, and noting the amount of heat declared by the magnetic-needle at short intervals in its progress. Drawing a datum line, and erecting along it perpendiculars proportional in length to the thermal intensity indicated at the respective points, we obtain the extraordinary curve which exhibits the distribution of the heat in the spectrum of the electric-light. As we enter the dark region beyond the red, the curve shoots up into a pinnacle, which dwarfs by its height the portion contained in the luminous radiation. Indeed, the idea suggested to the mind by the diagram is that the light rays are comparatively but an insignificant appendage to the dark rays thrown in as it were by nature for the purposes of vision. (See the diagram where the space A B C D represents the non-luminous, and C D E the luminous radiation.)

"The power of nature," eloquently observes Professor Tyndall, "is the power of motion, of which all its phenomena are but special forms. It manifests itself in tangible and in intangible matter, being incessantly transferred from the one to the other, and incessantly transformed by the change. It is as null in the waves of the ether as in the waves of the sea; the latter being, in fact, nothing more than the heaped-up motion of the former. For it is the calorific waves emitted by the sun which heat our air, produce our winds, and hence agitate our ocean. And whether they break in foam upon the shore, or rub silently against the ocean's bed, or subside by the mutual friction of their own parts, the sea-waves finally resolve themselves into waves of ether, and thus regenerate the motion from which their temporary existence was derived. This connection is typical. Nature is not an aggregate of independent parts, but an organic whole. If you open a piano and sing into it, a certain string will respond. Change the pitch of your voice; the first string ceases to vibrate, but another replies. Change again the pitch; the first two strings are silent, while another resounds. Now, in altering the pitch, you simply change the form of the motion communicated by your vocal chords to the air, one string responding to one form, and another to another. And thus is sentient man sung unto by Nature, while the optic, the auditory, and other nerves of the human body, are so many strings differently tuned and responsive to different forms of the universal power."

Need we say that all who wish to keep themselves abreast of the progress going on in this most interesting and important department of science should procure the admirable summary of recent researches, which the publication of the present lecture places within their reach?

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.*

BURTON'S "Anatomy of Melancholy" has long been famous as an admirable work for "poaching in," as Pope said of the long-forgotten poem of "Psyche," by Dr. Beaumont. As the ruins of some of the vast cities of antiquity afforded to later generations inexhaustible quarries out of which they drew the materials for new towns and villages; so the immense stores of learning accumulated by Burton have set up many a less widely-read author in curious allusions. Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxoniensis," speaks of the convenience of the work for such a purpose; and Archbishop Herring, writing towards the close of last century, says that the wits of Anne's and the First George's reigns did actually resort to it. The strange, out-of-the-way lore to be found in "Tristram Shandy," and which so greatly astonished its readers at the time, was afterwards shown to have been derived from the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" and a good deal of the quaint gossip about demons, goblins, familiars, &c., which makes such a figure in modern works on superstition, has been filched from the same repertory. Milton is said to have got the general idea of his "Allegro" and "Penseroso" from a poem prefixed to the "Anatomy." The book was a great favourite with Dr. Johnson; Lamb doated on it; and the latter has left among his miscellaneous papers some imitations of the old author which are perfectly marvellous for their exactness, and their droll perception of the eccentricities of his style. There was something, however, in Lamb himself very analogous to Robert Burton. Both were oddities; both mingled humour and melancholy in equal proportions; and both—like Chaucer's scholar—loved books better than rich robes, or fiddle, or psaltery. The queer, half-shy, half-garrulous personal confidences which give such a peculiar charm to the "Essays of Elia," are supposed by some to have been suggested by the talkative manner of the

old writer; and it is very likely that such was the case, since Lamb was as much made up of books as of flesh and blood. He and Burton would have been capital company for one another over a pot and a pipe. This Leicestershire clergyman of the seventeenth century was certainly one of the strangest productions of a strange time. He seems to have been really a sufferer from the malady which he anatomized, and it is said that his greatest relief was in listening to the ribaldry and mutual abuse of bargemen. We can well believe it, for his book intermingles serious and even religious writing with the wildest antics of a free and jesting pen. It would be difficult to say what is absent from that singular miscellany. Eloquence, learning, moralizing, sermon-writing, story-telling (sometimes not of the most decent kind), loquacity, dignity, absurdity, sense, nonsense, pithiness, diffuseness—all are there. The author's life, too, was as strange as his book. There are not wanting dark hints that he put an end to himself by hanging, in order not to discredit his own forecasting of the day of his death, for he was much given to astrology. But he could not put an end to his book, which has continued ever since to give delight to a choice circle of curious readers, who have found therein endless entertainment, boundless wealth of literary knowledge, and much matter suggestive of reflection on human ways and weaknesses.

The "Anatomy of Melancholy," however, was not a work designed for popularity, nor is it ever likely to become popular. Despite the extremely amusing character of much of its contents, the volume, as a whole, is so long, and cumbrous, and redundant, so wanting in method, so abounding in digressions and parentheses, so overlaid with learning, and so quaint and old-fashioned in its manner, that those who are not bookish themselves are sure to be daunted by its quick-set hedge of quotations, references, and apparently inconsequential remarks. Nevertheless, the editor of the work before us has made an attempt to bring the old treatise down to the more easy standard of the present day. He has compiled a species of abridgment of the famous "Anatomy;" or, rather, he has constructed a new work out of the more ancient one, using a good deal of the existing material, but also supplying some of his own. In a very wordy and ornate preface, he tells us that—"The volume, compared with its great original, is a mere boat, formed with a few planks taken here and there from the body of its parent vessel, differently rigged and ornamented, and accommodated rather for parties of pleasure than purposes of business; but so trimmed, it is hoped, as to be capable of showing to its passengers the superior pleasures that are to be experienced on the calm and unruffled surface of a virtuous life; while it exhibits to their view the terrifying dangers of that turbulent ocean which, agitated by the storms of Passion and the winds of Vice, dashes with rude and raging violence along its surrounding shores." We do not know where the editor learnt this style of writing; certainly not from his author. But, as the preface consists of less than five pages, we can afford to pass over such sins against the modesty of literary expression. The writer goes on to say that his remodelling of Burton "is intended to convince youth of both sexes that a life abandoned to an intemperate pursuit of pleasure, however pleasing it may at first appear, destroys the sense of rational enjoyment, deadens the faculties of the mind, weakens the functions of the body, corrupts both the moral and intellectual system, creates a disgusting apathy and languor, and ends at last in habitual melancholy." It would seem from this that the editor has had two objects in view—to popularize Burton, and to render his work a vehicle of moral instruction. We are doubtful as to the success of either attempt. The "Anatomy of Melancholy" is not very likely ever to become popular, in whatever form it may be recast; and, if our youth stand in need of fresh exhortations not to misbehave themselves, it is hardly probable that they will be much impressed by the odd gossiping style of good Master Burton. For ourselves, we greatly prefer the unrestrained garrulity of the original to the more formal summary before us. But we at once concede that such a remodelling is not intended for those who have learnt to love the older book; and we readily acknowledge that the present volume is full of matter and entertainment, and calculated to give readers unacquainted with Burton a very good taste of the riches of his work.

THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF HORSES.*

THIS pamphlet of seventy pages is a vigorous protest against the present system of managing—or rather, if we are to believe the author, mismanaging—horses. In his opinion, all existing publications on the subject advocate, more or less, an artificial mode of feeding, forgetting that, in dealing with the animal machine, the slightest deviation from Nature's laws is mischievous. The stable, the food, the work, and the grooming, which should all contribute to the health and value of the horse, may, under mismanagement, each become the source of impaired health. To point out the errors of the present system of routine management, and to show how it is opposed to the natural system, and detrimental to the constitution of the horse, has been the special object kept in view by "Amateur," whilst the cause of humanity, and the esteem felt for the noble animal which renders such important services to man, have been the animating motives in the pursuit and investigation

* Melancholy Anatomized: showing its Causes, Consequences, and Cure. With Anecdotic Illustrations, drawn from Ancient and Modern Sources, and principally founded on the larger work entitled "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." London: Tegg.

* Horses; their Rational Treatment, Causes of their Deterioration and Premature Decay. Race Horses; their Mismanagement, the False Aims of the Jockey Club and of Trainers Considered and Explained: Reflections on the Objects and Result of the Grants of Public Money for Queen's Plates. By Amateur. London: Ridgway. Oxford: Slatter & Rose.

of the subject. We fear that in the practical execution of his task the author's success has hardly been so great as motives so unimpeachable deserved; at any rate, we fail to detect any particular novelty or originality in the precepts enunciated. The special idea—shall we say crotchet?—of "Amateur" is that all our thoroughbred horses exist in an unhealthy state of plethora, and that any horse, the temperature of whose blood is 98 degrees, will beat in the distance any horse whose blood is of higher temperature, unless Nature's gifts of speed and strength are greatly against him. This he regards as a most important axiom never before laid down, and the corner-stone to the fabric of health. Experience, in his opinion, tells us that the horse requires ten years to develop his natural strength and form, and that the having recourse to artificial means to gain an earlier maturity exhausts the vigour of the animal and brings on premature old age. He has fully satisfied himself that all horses treated under the present routine system of management must necessarily be diseased. "They are," says he, "diseased at two years of age. They are more diseased at three years of age, but the great growth of the animal has had a certain counteracting effect; and at four years old, when the forced growth has mostly ceased, they are nearly all of them irretrievably diseased." We attribute this lamentable result to the hereditary predisposition to maladies consequent on the depraved state of health of the parents, and the barbarous and unnatural treatment they receive at the hands of the racing community. The author subsequently records his opinion that there is scarcely a four-year old or older horse in training which would not be beaten by the best three-year olds, plethoric as they are, in the distance, at nearly even weight.

SHORT NOTICES.

Thoughts for Thoughtful Minds: Satirical, Humorous, Philosophical, Moral, and Religious; in Prose and Verse. With a Short Poem, entitled "A Dream." By George Calvert, Author of "Universal Restoration," a Poem. (Longmans & Co.)—In submitting his book to the public, Mr. Calvert says he presents them with an epitome of his inner life and meditations during the last quarter of a century. This, of course, is very obliging on the part of the author; and we are the more impressed with the value of the gift when we read that this gentleman's life, for the last thirty years, "has been of a very earnest character." He makes the statement in explanation of the fact that there is not much humour in his work. "Broad humour would have been an incongruous and alien element. Moreover, this age is amply provided with its jesters." Mr. Calvert's "main object is to do good, and especially to reconcile those men who differ widely in their opinions." Can there possibly be better objects? Consider how much difference of opinion there is in the world, and what a fine thing it would be if certain general propositions in religion, morals, philosophy, and politics, could be established, on which all men could agree. Mr. Calvert has attempted the task; and certainly we don't think there will be much dispute over such utterances as these:—"Truth dignifies all men, but falsehood lowers even a beggar;"—"To covet wealth merely for its own sake bespeaks a poverty of mind, for a noble mind would scorn to be so base;"—"He who loves not liberty cannot be made free;"—"It is both natural and praiseworthy to strive after the good opinion of our fellow-men; but they who too eagerly seek praise, and equally fear censure, seldom effect great things;"—"Good books are very precious, yet bad ones often fetch a higher price;"—"Solitude hath many charms; but the face of man, though it sometimes frowns, hath more" (and what of the face of woman, oh ungallant Mr. Calvert?);—"An idle partner, like a sore corn (!), is always in the way;"—"Steel is very hard, but what is so hard as a selfish heart?"—and many more of the like kind. That touch about the sore corn is, we suppose, to be taken as a specimen of Mr. Calvert's humour. However, it would be unfair not to acknowledge that there is better stuff in the book. The two following sentences are pithy:—"He is not without a task who will be holy;"—"Some men pride themselves upon their cunning; but what man was ever so sharp as to outwit wisdom?" No doubt Mr. Calvert has thought a good deal on many subjects, and he has sometimes thought to excellent purpose; but he seems to have made the mistake of regarding every obvious idea that comes into his mind, and which he simply shares with all other people, as a revelation of wisdom. As we have had frequent occasion to remark before, the aphoristical style is very dangerous, unless when employed by the highest genius, since it is pretty sure to betray a smaller man into dogmatism on the one hand, and platitudes on the other. The short poem at the end of the present volume, called "A Dream," will be thought by many very striking; but it appears to us to confound wildness with power.

Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures. By J. H. Powell. (Trübner & Co.)—Mr. Powell is the author of a work on Spiritualism, which we reviewed in these columns in the early part of last year, and he has also been a lecturer on what is called Electro-Biology. At first, when it was suggested to him to pursue this calling, he felt some qualms of conscience, for he did not believe in the alleged science; but, as he went on with his practice, he gradually became convinced—mainly by his own unexpected successes. In the present work, he relates the events of his life. He was born in London, in the year 1830, and had for his father a working engineer, who, in the first part of his life, divided his affections between his book-case and his bottle (giving the larger share to the latter), but who afterwards reformed, and merely varied his literary studies by occasionally thrashing his children when he thought they had done wrong. His son, the author of this book, suffered from want of food and want of clothes in his early childhood, and, some few years later, from the hot, steamy air of the drying-loft in a paper-mill in Hertfordshire, where he was employed. He has been feeble in health ever

since; but we generally find that a belief in Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and other cognate systems, is accompanied by some form of disease. Mr. Powell, like a good many clever young workmen, was in early life seized with a desire for literary distinction. He has written much poetry, and has burnt some of it; while some is preserved in the volume now in our hands. He is, or was, the editor of the *Spiritual Times*, and at one time started a Magazine, which was buried, owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances. We have found these "Life Incidents" rather dull reading. Thirty-five is too early a stage in life to be thinking of autobiographical confessions, and we do not see that Mr. Powell has anything to tell us which it is important we should know. He is only another of those many melancholy instances of imperfectly educated men in whom the ambition for literary fame is unaccompanied by any power to secure it, and whose chief characteristic is a weak and complacent, though a harmless, egotism.

Tea: a Poem. By Charles Barwell Coles. (Longmans.)—We do not know what the gentlemen of the *Anti-Teapot Review* would say to this poetical panegyric of the Chinese herb—or, rather, what they would not say. To us it appears that tea has been somewhat unfortunate on the present occasion in its poet. It has not always been so unlucky. Waller wrote a fine poem about tea while it was as yet a stranger newly introduced into this country; and Cowper's well-worn allusion has something charmingly snug and comfortable in it. But Mr. Coles is a desperately prosaic gentleman, intent on instructing and exhorting us. He has been infected by the didactic style popular in the last century, and which is now utterly and properly extinct; and he evidently thinks a good downright fact the very best of poetry. As witness these lines:—

"Some bump in cabs, some crowd the omnibus."

"On a stall he spies
Oysters or *whelks*, and to partake the feast
Invites some ragged urchins.
A general row ensues; the prompt police
Seize him," &c.

The police, by the bye, are not generally described as "prompt," and the whole "force," we think, should vote Mr. Coles a testimonial, in acknowledgment and gratitude. At the close of the blank verse we have a song:—

"Come pledge me, dear wife! in a cup of Bohem,
With a hearty goodwill as I now drink to thee:
Fill up for the little ones bumpers all round,
From the brim to the bottom no harm can be found.

"Bring forth the plum-cake! let us feast and be glad;
It to-morrow will leave us no cause to be sad:
Then be jolly," &c.

Without wishing to diminish the jollity of Mr. and Mrs. Coles and the little Coleeses, we may just hint that, if the latter should eat too much of the plum-cake, they will on the following morning have "cause to be sad," for to children there are few things more sad than the necessity to take physic.

Tales from Shakespeare: Designed for the Use of Young Persons. By Charles Lamb. With Illustrations by John Gilbert. (Routledge & Sons.)—There could hardly have been a more difficult task than to put the plays of Shakespeare into the form of prose stories for the young. As mere stories they are sometimes defective, and they often touch upon events and passions with which children neither have nor ought to have any concern. The Lambs, however, accomplished the task with extraordinary success. They preserved a large proportion of the poetry and nature of Shakespeare, and they evaded with tolerable completeness the more objectionable elements. The result was that their version was very popular, and we are glad to see it reproduced in the present volume, with gay, coloured illustrations by Gilbert. It is unfair, however, to the memory of Mary Lamb, to omit all mention of her name, seeing that she had a most important share in the production of the work.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. An Entertaining Miscellany of Original Literature. Edited by Edmund Routledge. With Illustrations. (Routledge & Sons.)—The Messrs. Routledge contrive to work double tides with their *Boy's Magazine*, which they reissue at the end of the year in the form of an Annual. A very good Annual it is, too, for all lively and smart young fellows. It abounds in exciting stories, droll tales and anecdotes, essays, instructive treatises popularly written, charades, puzzles, &c., and contains a proper amount of information as to manly—or rather, boyly—games. Illustrations, coloured and plain, are to be found in great numbers, and the volume—a very thick one—is splendidly bound in scarlet and gold.

The Mad Marquess; or, Do thy Best. (Hatchard & Co.)—This is a little story, published in a small pamphlet of less than fifty pages, and published at sixpence, teaching the duty of behaving mercifully to dumb animals, and commenting on some of the cruelties to which they are exposed by the ignorant, the brutal, and the thoughtless. There can be no doubt that our poor domestic slaves—horses especially—are shamefully misused; and we trust that this well-written tale will be of some service in opening the eyes of ill-doers to the magnitude of their crime.

Every-day Blunders in Speaking. By Edmund Routledge. (Routledge & Sons.)—We have here a sensible little discourse on prevalent errors in speech and writing. Mr. Routledge has a good deal to say on his subject, and he knows how to say it pleasantly and well.

Tommy Toddles's Comic Almanack for all t' Foaks o' t' World, for 1866. (Leeds: Newton Hirst.)—The "Almanack" with which Mr. Tommy Toddles has favoured "t' world" being written throughout in pure Yorkshire, we confess to finding it very difficult reading, and shall therefore content ourselves with chronicling the fact of its appearance, for the benefit of all Yorkshiremen who may read this column.

We have also received a new edition of *Romantic Tales*, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (one of Messrs. Smith & Elder's Illustrated Series);—a new edition of Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Dead Secret* (in Messrs. Smith & Elder's Half-crown Series);—*Lena, or the Silent Woman*, by the Author of "Beyminstre," &c. (in Messrs. Smith & Elder's "Monthly Volume of Standard Authors");—*An Easy Guide to Doctrine and Prayer*, by Henry A. Jeffreys, M.A., Incumbent of Hawkhurst, Kent (Rivingtons)—a little Catechism, useful in religious examinations;—*Questions on the Old and New Testaments*, and *Questions on General and Common Things*, both by the Rev. Charles Isaac Yorke, M.A., and used by him at Shenfield School, Essex (Hatchard & Co.);—*The Kingdom and Church of Hawaii*, an Historical Sketch, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. Thomas Nettleship Staley, Lord Bishop of Honolulu, by a Friend of the Hawaiian Church Mission, and now reprinted from the *Colonial Church Chronicle* (Rivingtons);—*Education under the Revised Code, its Revolutionary Effects* (J. G. Stevenson)—a pamphlet written with a view to showing that the certificated master, the boy pupil-teacher, and the male student in training, are being "improved out of existence";—*Davis and Lee*, by P. C. Centz, Barrister (Mitchell & Co.), a defence of Southern rights against Northern impugners;—*Dishonest Criticism*, by Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A., Author of "The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement" (Longmans), in which a reply is made to two articles in recent numbers of the *Dublin Review* on Mr. Oxenham and his work;—*The Secret of Clerical Power*, an Ordination Sermon preached in Salisbury Cathedral by H. P. Liddon, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury (Rivingtons);—*Report presented to the Vestry of the Parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark*, by Henry Bateson, M.D. Lond. (Passmore);—and a new edition of *Abstract of Evidence* taken before a Parliamentary Committee on the Game Laws, with the Opinions of the Press on the Battue, published, by permission, by the Anti-Battue Society (W. F. Taunton, Coventry).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW comic periodical is announced, with the not very brilliant title of *Gammon and Spinach*. It is said it will appear as "a semi-comic, semi-scientific periodical, and that the proprietors believe that the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is as often overstepped by the savant as by the politician, lawyer, or any other person in society who figures in the pages of our favourite comic journals, and that such false steps offer a wide field for fun." Full reports (comic we presume) of the meetings of our scientific societies, and reviews (also comic, it may be supposed) are promised. We have all heard of the neglected donkey who sought to obtain some of the caresses of his master by suddenly gambolling and capering before him in imitation of his favourite spaniel; but it is difficult to imagine the number of certain Societies wearing the cap and bells, or being unable to continue a meeting on account of the uncontrollable comicality of the chairman. A member of the Anthropological Society whilst passing him on the stairs; but it is almost too much to ask us to believe that the Epidemiological Society will provide us with a column of jokes, or that the Electro-printing Block Company, Limited, will furnish an excellent comic cartoon. Of course, we do not know the capabilities of the editor; but we should imagine the proceedings of the Grand Junction Canal Company, or even those of the Odontological Society, to be rather hard material to make readers merry over. The members of the Syro-Egyptian Society would probably not comprehend a joke, if one were made upon them, and the accurate entry of some parody as a contribution to science or history in their book of proceedings, might be the means of misleading great German professors thirsting for knowledge.

We announced last week that Mr. Samuel Lucas was a candidate for the Professorship of English Literature at University College, London, which has just been resigned by Mr. Masson. Mr. George Macdonald, the author of "Alec Forbes," and many other works, and the Rev. A. D'Orsey, are also candidates. The last-named gentleman is at present English Lecturer at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Lecturer on Public Reading, at King's College, London. The chair at University College, it may be observed, is not one of elocution, but of literature. It has usually been occupied by men of eminence in the world of letters. Among Mr. Masson's predecessors were Mr. Tom Taylor, and the late Arthur Clough.

"Belle Boyd," the well-known heroine of the late Confederate struggle, who recently wrote and published here an account of her adventures, is said to be at present studying for the stage, under the tuition of a very clever actress.

French journals speak of the discovery of a series of fifty-two letters by Voltaire to the Margravine of Bayreuth, sister of Frederick the Great, and one written to the Marquis d'Adhémar, between the years 1742 and 1758. They were found at Bayreuth, in Bavaria; all are in the handwriting of Voltaire, and the cover of the portfolio in which they were contained bears the words, "Lettres de Voltaire." The letters have been published at Berlin, accompanied by a commentary showing the connection between portions of the Margravine's well-known correspondence and the communications from Voltaire.

One of the new books for the approaching Christmas season will bear some such title as "Puniana, or the Piccadilly Riddle Book," an entirely new collection of the best puns, conundrums, and other "small talk," written and selected by the Hon. Hugh Rowley, whose marvellous illuminations and monogram-designs are well-known to connoisseurs in such matters. A specimen of elaborate monogram-illumination, recently executed for the Baroness Rothschild, is, we believe, considered the most perfect thing of the kind known—far exceeding any of the ancient missal illuminations and floreated Books of Hours. Mr. Rowley has been for some time collecting materials for his book, and, as it will be illustrated by his pencil, a highly-entertaining volume may be expected.

Speaking of a new Riddle-book reminds us of a droll affair which once happened in Boston, U.S. A gentleman, now in England, suggested to a few friendly Bostonians, upon a certain occasion, the scheme of offering a prize for the best conundrum. A meeting was to be held, and some of the wits of the city were to be invited as a committee to decide the riddles. Amongst others asked to attend was Oliver Wendell Holmes, but the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" sought to be excused on some ground or other. The committee was to consist of twelve persons, and, although Mr. Holmes refused to be of their number, he could not resist the temptation of being present, and early in the evening he passed in quietly, and took a back seat. Once or twice the chairman rose to apologize for the absence of one member of the committee. There were eleven there, he said, but it was indispensable that the full number should be present. At last it was hinted to him that Holmes was in the room, away back, just by the door. Rising once more, he suggested to his audience that, as the committeeman did not make his appearance, he would, with their permission, call upon another gentleman, and he had much pleasure in asking Dr. Holmes to come forward. The doctor, to the amusement of all present, had to come forward, and a very merry time ensued. We forget the riddle which won the prize; but this we know—that the conundrums sent in were collected and published by Redmayne under the significant title of "The Brains of Boston."

The Almanack makers are bestirring themselves, and a war of words is taking place betwixt some of the "genuine old Moores" and others of the genuine "Zadkiels." Each claims the recently deceased Premier for his own particular almanack. "Look," says "old Moore;" "did I not say twelve months ago—'Another great statesman called to his account; this was the noblest Roman of them all'?" On account of this "prediction," as the writer terms it, he invites the world to buy his pamphlet, and consider him as having the gift of prophecy.

Publishers are very backward with their Christmas and New Year's books this season. Last year, the principal works of this character appeared early in October, in time for easy shipment to our Colonies and distant possessions, where they enjoy these seasonable things, if anything, more than we do at home. With the exception of two or three, they will certainly not appear until November or December. During the week, the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have issued "A Round of Days described in Original Poems," by some of our most celebrated Poets, and "Pictures by Eminent Artists," a sumptuous table book, the production of the Brothers Dalziel. Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. have also issued "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," a magnificently bound book, with 100 illustrations; and "Watts's Divine and Moral Songs," also with 100 illustrations. The last is very similar in appearance to the illustrated edition of "Barbauld's Hymns," as published by Mr. Murray.

Mr. J. W. BENNETT is about to add to his series of "Photographic Gift-books" an edition of Scott's "Marmion," and a work by Mr. F. G. Stephens, entitled "Flemish Relics: Architectural, Legendary, and Pictorial;" also two smaller works on the Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Yorkshire and the Border.

Early in November, Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS will publish a new Christmas book by the authors of "A Bunch of Keys," entitled "Rates and Taxes, and How they were Collected," to be edited by Thomas Hood.

Curiosity-hunters in and about London have been well provided for recently. Down by the banks of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of the railway bridges and the Embankment, Irish labourers and others have found the antiquity-trade a very profitable calling. Recently, in one old shed not far from London Bridge, a man had quite a show of Roman and early British curiosities, arranged on a sort of extempore counter, and in lots and heaps like apples upon a stall. Flower-pots full of old coins, shovels full of fibule and British spear-heads, with rusty pieces of ironwork that have accumulated in and around the old river these dozen centuries, including the tenpenny nails and broken hinges of even the last generation, were displayed for sale. Amongst the rubbish were some interesting relics, but by far the larger portion of the "curiosities" were what are technically known as "duffers"—imitations in lead or other metal of genuine antiques. As the opportunity of purchasing these antiques from an Irish labourer appeared to stimulate buyers, one curiosity-dealer sold out his entire stock of certain doubtful articles to the workmen, and the industrious manufacturers have found a ready market for their wares. Those of our readers who may have a taste for collecting, should be upon their guard when Roman or early British reliques are offered for sale.

The *Fisherman's Magazine and Review*, which, it may be remembered, was started a year or two ago under the editorship of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, is, we understand, to be forthwith amalgamated with the new weekly paper about to be brought out by the same publishers, Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, under the title of *The Land and the Water*. The *Fisherman's Magazine*, which was the first attempt ever made to establish an organ devoted exclusively to fish and fishing, has enjoyed a larger share of popularity than falls to the lot of most "class publications;" but the subject, it appears, has outgrown the limits of a monthly Magazine. With this foundation already laid, *The Land and the Water* starts under favourable auspices. Mr. Pennell is not, we understand, connected in any way with the new paper. Mr. Frank Buckland is spoken of as the editor.

The Cheltenham people have been entertaining their townsman Mr. G. A. Williams, the well-known librarian and bookseller there, to a public dinner, on the occasion of his having been in business fifty years. A great many noblemen and gentry residing in the neighbourhood were present, and the affair concluded with the usual toasts, speeches, and a song entitled "The Fine Old English Bookseller."

An interesting antiquarian discovery has just been made in the bone-house at Ripon Minster. Beneath the Cathedral chapter-house some workmen lighted upon three curious stone grave-coverings.

One is said to be as old as the twelfth century, and on the side of a Maltese-shaped cross a sword is carved. The two smaller stones have covered the remains of young persons. The larger one, however, is the most curious, and the form of the cross is exciting much speculation amongst antiquaries.

A new and very beautifully-printed edition of the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's "Pleasures of Literature" has just been prepared by the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE.

"Mehemet the Kurd, and Other Tales from Eastern Sources," is the title of a literary curiosity which will shortly appear at Messrs. BELL & DALDY'S. The tales are of the same description as those in the "Arabian Nights," and are translated from the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, by Mr. Charles Wells (member of the Royal Asiatic Society), for the first time into English. There are also several original poems, taken chiefly from the Turkish, the rich and ornate poetry of which language is but little known in England. The great success attained by the "Arabian Nights," which are only a collection of similar tales and poems, would seem to promise for this work some success, for we have had but few or not any fresh translations from Eastern languages for many years, although there have been many imitations of Eastern tales. The competency of Mr. Charles Wells as a translator is sufficiently shown by the fact that, some years ago, the Council of King's College awarded him "a special prize for proficiency in the Turkish language," and that he has produced a "Treatise on Political Economy," written in the Turkish language, which was highly spoken of by competent judges.

Mr. W. P. NIMMO has in the press—"Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets," a series of forty illustrations on wood, with descriptive selections from the writings of the Poets, printed within red lines; "Gems of Literature:" a Collection of the most Notable Beauties of the English Language, illustrated with upwards of 100 original engravings, drawn expressly for this work; "Lights in Art:" a Review of Ancient and Modern Pictures, with Critical Remarks on the Present State, Treatment, and Preservation of Oil Paintings, by an Artist; "James Meewell: a Story of Real Life;" "Celebrated Characters, sketched by Celebrated Men;" and "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," illustrated with numerous full-page illustrations, designed by Charles A. Doyle, and printed in colours by Schenck and Macfarlane.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT announce "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere;" the second and concluding volume of Miss Meteyard's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," with 300 illustrations; "From Cadet to Colonel, the Record of a Life of Active Service," by Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton; "Religious Life on the Continent," by Mrs. Oliphant; the third and fourth volumes of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's "Life and Recollections;" "Sport and Sportsmen," by Charles Stretton, Esq.; and "Social Life in Florence," by Count Arrivabene.

Among the same publishers' forthcoming new novels are—"Hester's Sacrifice," by the author of "St. Olaves;" "Fides, or the Beauty of Mayence," by Sir Lancelles Wrexall, Bart.; "Chronicles of Dartmoor," by Mrs. Marsh; and works by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, Mark Lemon, Walter Thornbury, the author of "No Church," the author of "Grandmother's Money," and others.

MESSRS. BELL & DALDY announce "The Great Works of Raphael," a series of twenty photographs from the best engravings of his most celebrated paintings, with the Life, by G. Vasari, translated, with notes and illustrations, by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, and an appendix containing a complete list of the authenticated works of Raphael; the "Odyssey of Homer," rendered into English blank verse, by George Musgrave, 2 vols.; "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," by Charles Knight; "Common Words with Curious Derivations," by Archdeacon Smith; "Verses New and Old," by Arthur Munby; a second volume of "The Decline of the Roman Republic," by George Long; and "The Dublin Afternoon Lectures, delivered in 1865," &c.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. announce some new books; amongst them the "Lives of the English Cardinals," by the author of "Memoirs of the Court of the Regency: The Life of Franz Schubert, from the German of Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn," by Edward Wilberforce, author of "Social Life in Munich;" "The History of the British Empire in India, from 1844 to 1862, forming a Supplement to Mr. Thornton's 'History of India,'" by Captain L. J. Trotter, late 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, 2 vols.; and "Celebrated Trials connected with the Army and Navy," by Mr. Serjeant Burke.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co., in addition to works in general literature recently announced, have in preparation the following new illustrated works:—"Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," comprising one hundred engravings on wood, from the pictures of eminent artists, beautifully printed by Messrs. Dalziel Brothers, with an elaborate and novel design by Messrs. Leighton & Co.; "The Divine and Moral Songs of Dr. Watts," a new and very choice edition, illustrated with one hundred woodcuts from original designs by eminent artists, engraved by J. D. Cooper, small 4to.; "The Twenty-third Psalm," with richly-coloured emblematic borders, small 4to.; "The Three Kings of Orient," a Christmas carol, illuminated, small 4to.; "The Pleasures of Memory," by Samuel Rogers, illustrated with twenty designs, forming a volume of "Candall's Choice Editions of Choice Books," small 4to.; "Pictures for the People,"

a series of ten engravings on wood of English country life; an entirely new edition of Edgar A. Poe's Poems, illustrated by eminent artists, small 4to.; "Varia," a selection of rare readings from scarce books, printed by Whittingham; "The Royal House of Tudor," a series of biographical sketches, by George Wallis, keeper of the art division, South Kensington Museum, illustrated with 28 full-length portraits of the Tudor Family, executed for the Prince's Chamber, at the new Palace at Westminster, by Richard Burchett; "Poems of the Inner Life," selected chiefly from modern authors, by permission, &c. The same publishers announce "A History of Banks for Savings, including a full account of the origin and progress of Mr. Gladstone's recent prudential measures," by William Lewins, author of "Her Majesty's Maids," with a photograph of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and "Miss Biddy Frobisher," by the author of "Mary Powell," &c.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce a "gem edition" of "Sonnets and Songs by William Shakespeare;" also "Essays on Art," including essays on Mulready, Dyce, Holman Hunt, and Herbert, by Francis Turner Palgrave; "Romances and Minor Poems," by Sheriff Bell; a new edition of Lady Chatterton's poem "Leonore," printed on thick toned paper, with title and frontispiece engraved by Jeens; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, with illustrations by John Tenniel, engraved by the Dalziel Brothers; a re-issue of the "Statesman's Year Book;" and "Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ," in 2 vols. 8vo. The same publishers have in preparation "Hereward, the Last of the English," a new novel by Professor Kingsley, and another new novel by Mr. Henry Kingsley, entitled "Leighton Court." The Hon. Mrs. Norton is to commence a new novel in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Messrs. MACMILLAN, it is said, have sold more than 50,000 copies of their "Globe Shakespeare" in less than twelve months.

MESSRS. MOXON & Co. will publish early next month a volume of poems by the late E. J. Armstrong, Esq., President of the Undergraduate Philosophical Society, and formerly a member of the College Historical Society, at the request of which Societies the poems are printed.

The second volume of "Die Geschichte des Dramas," by J. L. Klein, will shortly appear, treating of the Greek comedy and the drama of the Romans. The work is published by Weigel, of Leipzig.

DIDIER & Co. have just published a beautiful and curious volume called the "Grande Mystère de Jésus," a Breton drama of the Middle Ages, translated by M. de la Villemarqué.

FAURE & Co., of Paris, announce "La Cousine du Roi," an historical romance, by M. Alphonse Brot.

The impatiently-awaited work of M. Victor Hugo, "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," appeared on Wednesday last at the Librairie Internationale.

M. Langel's work, "Les Etats Unis pendant la Guerre," will appear at the end of October.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Agnes, by Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Aids to Bible Reflection. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Aldis (W. S.), Elementary Treatise on Solid Geometry. 8vo., 8s.
 Always Happy. New edit. 18mo., 2s.
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 Charlesworth (J.), Familiar Sketch of. Fcap., 3s.
 Cox (R.), Literature of the Sabbath Question. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Dalgleish (J.), Key to Grammatical Analysis. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
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 Hill (S. S.), Travels in Egypt and Syria. 8vo., 14s.
 Holmes (O. W.), Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Homer's Iliad, translated by Chapman, revised by Rev. R. Hooper. New edit. 2 vols. 12mo., 12s.
 James (G. P. R.), The False Heir. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 John Gilpin, with colored. illust. by C. A. Doyle. 4to., 1s.
 King's Own Borderers (The), by J. Grant. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Lever (C.), The Knight of Gwynne. Illust. by Philz. New edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Lyttelton (Rev. W. H.), Sermons on the Holy Communion. Fcap., 3s.
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 Playtime with the Poets. 2nd edit. Imp. 16mo., 6s.
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 Romantic Tales, by the Author of "John Halifax." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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 Russell (Sir W. O.), on Crimes and Misdemeanours. 4th edit. 3 vols. Royal 8vo., £5. 15s. 6d.
 Ruined Abbeys (The) of the Border. Imp. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
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CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A Competitive Examination of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners on March 19th next, and following days. The Competition will be open to all natural-born subjects of her Majesty who, on the 1st of March next, shall be over 17 and under 21 years of age, and of good health and character. Copies of the Regulations may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

A SCRIPTURE READER of many years' standing, who is now through illness unable to perform the whole duties usually required, would be glad to meet with any benevolent Christian, whom he would be glad to assist to the utmost of his power. He is married, and has a family. The case is well known to several, who would willingly answer enquiries; and he has good testimonials and references extending over many years of laborious work.—Apply by letter, to J. E. L., 27, Laurence-Pountney-lane, E.C.

THE following Letter appeared in "The Times," of the 24th inst.:—

GOOD NEWS FOR PORT WINE DRINKERS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR.—In an article which lately appeared in *The Times*, you refer to the practice which largely prevails in Portugal of more or less brandying the wine intended for this market, and you add, "this brandy is added in order to stop fermentation, and to retain a certain amount of sugar in the wine." The apology for this practice consists in the fact, that the appearance of the oidium in 1851 necessitated a larger addition of alcohol than heretofore for the preservation of the wine.

Now that the oidium has passed away, and the fruit-bearing of the vine is not disturbed by the appearance of disease, it becomes a matter of some importance to reduce the alcoholic properties of port to a minimum of strength. With this view we have endeavoured to secure ports possessing lightness, purity, and quality, and we have just received a parcel equal to about 1,700 dozen from a well-known "quinta" of the Lower Douro.

Our correspondent states that "this wine possesses many of the characteristics of Burgundy—viz., fine colour, great body, and is silky, soft, and extremely dry, combined with great flavour."

It is besides a fully fermented wine.

We would only further mention that the price is 30s. per dozen.

We beg to remain, Sir, your very obedient Servants,

H. R. WILLIAMS & CO.

Crosby Hall, 32, Bishopsgate-street Within,
October 23.

GEOLOGY.—ELEMENTARY COLLECTIONS, to illustrate the new edition of "Lyell's Elements of Geology," and facilitate the study of Mineralogy and Geology, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 500 guineas; also, single specimens of Minerals, Rocks, Fossils and Recent Shells, Geological Maps, Hammers, all the Recent Publications, &c., of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London.

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The Coupons from the above Certificates of Debenture, due 15th November, will be paid at the Consolidated Bank (Limited), and must be left two clear days at the Offices of the Company for examination. If sent by post, a cheque for the amount will be remitted in course.

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MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY, beg to inform the public that they have received instructions from the Trustees of the Lady Jarvis to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Guildhall Coffee-house, Gresham-street, E.C., on Tuesday, the 31st day of October, at 12 o'clock, the above completely-appointed MANSION and FREEHOLD ESTATE, formerly the favourite residence of the late Earl St. Vincent, and combining unusual advantages as to situation with respect to the enjoyment of society and field sports, being in the immediate neighbourhood of numerous seats of the county gentry, and adjoining Weald-hall, the estate of Sir R. Digby Neave, on one side, and, with that exception, skirted and enclosed by the lands and deer park of C. Tower, Esq., and surrounded by a district proverbially rural and picturesque, also well stocked with game, and in the midst of the meets of the Puckeridge and Essex fox hounds, and the Hon. G. Peter's stag hounds. The mansion occupies an elevated site, and is approached from the village by a lodge entrance and carriage drive through a small and nicely timbered park, thickly screened by plantations, with orangery, well-kept lawns, tastefully disposed pleasure grounds and private walks overlooking and descending to a fine sheet of water, with ornamental bridge, boat and summer-houses. The interior accommodation comprises on the chamber floor five lofty best bed rooms and three dressing rooms, two secondary bed rooms, school room, four servants' bed rooms, day and night nurseries, &c.; on the ground floor, a spacious entrance hall, well proportioned and lofty dining and drawing rooms, library opening to the lawn and grounds, dressing room, &c., convenient domestic offices, and in the basement, excellent and extensive cellarage. There are also various outbuildings and yards, with loose boxes and stabling for 10 horses, coach-houses, saddle room, &c., with lofts and grooms' rooms over, large kitchen garden enclosed by walls clothed with fruit trees, and containing a range of vineries in full bearing, also various forcing-houses, and in the rear of the stabling farm buildings. The land, with the exception of about 47 acres arable, is in pasture, in good heart and condition; about 61 acres are let with the mansion to a first-class yearly-tenant; the residue, with conveniently placed farmhouses and homesteads, known as the Great Rochetts Farm and the Gate Farm, are also in the occupation of respectable yearly tenants; there are also various labourers' cottages, and in the village four well tenanted dwelling-houses. Full printed particulars, with plans, may be obtained at the place of sale; and at the principal hotels at Brentwood and Romford; also of Messrs. Phelps and Bennett, solicitors, 14, Red Lion-square, W.C.; of Messrs. Cotterill and Spackman, agents, Bath; and, with orders to view, by appointment, of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, land agents and surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

Sussex, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Cuckfield and Linfield.—Beechurst, a modern Residence, standing in about 11 acres of Pasture Land, with carriage approach, Stabling, Lawn, Conservatory, &c.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY, beg to inform the public that they have received instructions to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Guildhall Coffee-house, Gresham-street, on Tuesday, the 31st October, at 12 o'clock, in one lot (unless previously disposed of by private contract), the above FREEHOLD RESIDENCE and GROUNDS, with early possession, situate one mile from the Hayward's-heath Station on the Brighton Railway, and from thence about 1½ hour's ride by rail from the metropolis; also within one mile equi-distant from Linfield and Cuckfield, a district proverbially picturesque. The house, recently erected in the Tudor style, with ornamental roof and chimneys, stands pleasantly screened from the road, with a carriage approach, and a lawn at the south front. It contains nine bed and dressing rooms, bath room, boucior, dining and drawing rooms (the latter opening into a conservatory), library, hall, back and front staircases, domestic offices, cellars, &c., with detached stabling and cottage corresponding in style with the house, kitchen garden, cow house, piggeries, &c., and valuable pasture land, capable of embellishment. The whole comprising about 11 acres, fronting to a good road, and commanding, from various points, a fine panoramic view of the surrounding beautiful country, with the South-down hills in the distance. Printed particulars will be shortly published, and may then be obtained at the place of sale; and, with orders to view, of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, land agents and surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

The Badgeworth Estate.—Alteration of Day of Sale.—In the county of Gloucester, about three miles from the fashionable town of Cheltenham, five miles from Gloucester, and within one mile of a projected station on the East Gloucestershire Railway.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY, beg to inform the public that they have received instructions from the Proprietor to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., on Thursday, Nov. 23 (instead of Tuesday, Oct. 31, as previously advertised), at 1 precisely, in one lot, the above very choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a substantial and commodious family mansion, containing dining and drawing rooms, six best bedrooms, dressing rooms, servants' rooms, and excellent domestic offices; with various outbuildings, capital stalls and coach-house. The mansion stands in the midst of tastefully-disposed pleasure-grounds, with lawn, adorned with fine timber trees and ornamental shrubs, and the situation is enjoyably enhanced by views of the fine hill scenery of the neighbourhood. The domain, extending over 341 acres of sound pasture and fertile arable land, is very conveniently arranged for occupation, with suitable homesteads and farm premises, well situate as to market towns; it is intersected and approached by good roads, and the farms are in the occupation of respectable yearly tenants, at rentals producing about £848 per annum, exclusive of the mansion and lands, in hand. The estate, in proximity to the town of Cheltenham, with its surrounding picturesque scenery, the fine sporting character of the country, and its genial and healthy climate, with good society, offers to any purchasers a position with unusual residential attractions and advantages. Possession of the mansion and curtilage may be had on completion of the purchase. Particulars, with lithographic plans, may be obtained at the Queen's and Plough Hotels, at Cheltenham; the Bell Hotel, at Gloucester; the London Tavern, E.C.; of Messrs. Hayes, Twisden, Parker, and Co., 60, Russell Square, W.C.; and of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, land agents and surveyors, 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

No. 18, Arlington-street, St. James's.—Noble Town Mansion and Valuable Building Site.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, SON, and OAKLEY, beg to inform the public that they have received instructions to OFFER for SALE by AUCTION, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., on Thursday, Nov. 23rd, at 1 precisely (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), the above valuable and desirably-situate west-end MANSION, occupying one of the most central and fashionable positions in town, at the south end and west side of Arlington-street, and between the mansions of the Earls of Yarborough and Zetland, a situation remarkable for its quietude, with open, cheerful views backwards, over the Green-park, and outlet immediately thereto. The proximity to the Houses of Parliament, St. James's, and the Clubs, offers to a statesman, or any one of wealth and position, unusual conveniences for the purposes of assembly or residence. The present structure is in the Gothic style of architecture, and is approached through an archway with stables, across a spacious forecourt, with garden at the west front descending to the Green-park. The interior accommodation comprises various chambers, a fine suite of reception rooms looking to the park, grand staircase, back ditto, noble dining room, library, entrance hall, inner ditto, and in the basement well-appointed kitchen and various domestic offices. The property, with the exception of a small portion of the garden (leasehold), is freehold, and offers, subject to ordinary restrictions, a fine site for building. Full particulars will be shortly published, and may then be obtained at the place of sale; of Messrs. Bircham, Dalrymple, Drake, & Co., solicitors, 45, Parliament-street, S.W.; and with orders to view of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, land agents and surveyors, No. 10, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN STOCKS, Shares, Eastern Indian and Mining Securities, contains a list of the safest and most desirable Investments of the day, paying 5 to 12 per cent. **BARRETT & CO.**, Stock, Share, and Finance Brokers, 9, Spring-gardens, Charing-cross, London.